The VISTA

1906

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New Albany High School.
New Albany High School
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THE VISTA

VOLUME II

1906

Published Annually by the
SENIOR CLASS OF THE NEW ALBANY
HIGH SCHOOL

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Board of Education

Of NEW ALBANY, INDIANA

. . . SCHOOL BOARD . . .

CHARLES DAY, President.

GEORGE BORGERDING, Treasurer.

EARL GWIN, Secretary.

CHARLES A. PROSSER,
Superintendent of Schools.

THE NEW HIGH SCHOOL BUILDING

Photo by Heimberger

. . . The Faculty . . .

HARRY A. BUERK, Principal and Instructor in Mathematics.

Graduated New Albany High School, 1879, Latin Honors;
A. B., Indiana University, 1882;
Graduated Harvard College, 1884, *cum laude;*
Admitted to practice law in U. S. Circuit Courts, 1888;
Ph. D., Austin College, 1902;
Principal Borden College, 1891–1903;
Principal New Albany High School, since 1903.

MABEL BONSALL, Instructor in Mathematics.

Graduated Indiana State Normal, 1896;
A. B., Indiana University, 1901;
Teacher Alexandria High School, 1900;
Anderson High School, 1901–1902;
Philippine Normal School, Manila, P. I., 1902–1904;
Franklin High School, 1904–1905;
New Albany High School, since Autumn, 1905.

OSCAR H. WILLIAMS, Instructor in History.

Graduated Kokomo High School, 1893; Indiana State Normal School, 1899;
A. B., Indiana University, 1905;
Student University of Chicago, Summer Quarter, 1903;
Teacher Howard County Public Schools, 1894–1898;
Superintendent Windfall, Ind., Public Schools, 1899–1902;
Principal Departmental Grade Work, Elwood, Ind., 1902–1903;
Principal Alexandria High School, January to June, 1904;
Instructor in History, New Albany High School, since Autumn, 1905.

LUCIE POUCHER, Instructor in Latin.

Graduated DePauw Academy, 1897;
A. B., DePauw University, 1900;
A. M., DePauw University and tutor of Latin in DePauw Academy, 1901;
Teacher Greensburg, Ind., High School, 1901–1902;
Teacher Elwood, Ind., High School, 1902–1905;
Instructor in Latin, New Albany High School, since Autumn, 1905.

CHARLES B. McLINN, Instructor in English.

Graduated West Alexandria, Ohio, High School, 1888;
Attended Miami University, 1893–1895;
A. B., Indiana University, 1900;
Principal Morning Sun, Ohio, High School, 1895–1899;
Principal Bloomfield, Ind., High School, 1900–1902;
Superintendent Bloomfield Public Schools, 1902–1905;
Instructor in English, New Albany High School, since Autumn, 1905.

EDWIN KAHL, Instructor in Physics and Chemistry.

Graduated New Albany High School (Valedictorian), 1892;
Graduated DePauw College, 1893;
Attended DePauw University, 1893–1895;
A. B., Indiana University, 1896;
Teacher Washington County Public Schools, 1896–1897;
Principal Jackson Street School, New Albany, Ind., 1897-1900;
Instructor in Physics, New Albany High School, since 1900.

ALICE FUNK, Instructor in Biology.

B. S , A. B., National Normal University, Lebanon, Ohio;
Special work under Dr. Charles E. Bessey, University of Nebraska, 1895 ;
Dr. Chas. Chamberlain, University of Chicago, 1900 ;
Dr. Carl H. Eigermann, Indiana University, 1905;
Teacher Corydon, Indiana, Public Schools;
Instructor in Biology, New Albany High School.

EDMUND BURKE ELFERS, Instructor in Mathematics, History and English.

Graduated Rising Sun, Ind., High School, 1898;
Attended Indiana University with exception of one term 1898-1902;
Teacher Rising Sun Public School, 1902–1903;
A. B., Indiana University, 1903;
Teacher Rising Sun High School, 1903–1904;
Principal of same, 1904–1905;
Teacher in New Albany High School, since autumn 1905.

PAUL MOSEMILLER, Instructor in German.

A. B., Gymnasium in Munich, Germany;
Graduated Paedagogium in Vienna;
Instructor of German Literature in Possenhofen Castle;
Taught continuously in Graded Schools of Germany and United States, since 1865.

NELSON B. YEARDLEY, Supervisor of Music.

Attended State Normal School, Fairmount, West Virginia;
Graduated Cincinnati College of Music, Cincinnati, O., 1892;
Director of Music, Parkersburg, West Virginia, Public Schools, 1894-1902;
Supervisor of Music in Newark, Ohio, Public Schools, 1902-05;
Supervisor of Music in New Albany Public Schools, since autumn 1905;
Member Music Teachers' National Association;
Vice President from W. Va., during his residence in that state.

CHARLOTTE M. ZIEGELBAUR, Director of Calisthenics for Girls.

Graduated New Albany High School;
Teacher New Albany Public Schools;
Student at Zanerian Art College, Columbus, Ohio;
Attended Chautauqua School of Physical Culture, Lake Chautauqua, N. Y., summer of 1903;
Attended School of Physical Education, Harvard College, summer of 1904;
Attended School of Physical Education, Yale College, summer of 1905;
Instructor of Penmanship and Physical Culture, New Albany Public Schools, since 1902;
Director Calisthenics for Girls, New Albany High School, since autumn 1905.

. . . The Senior Class, 1902-06 . . .

OFFICERS

KIEL GARRISON, Pre-ident.
NELLIE McDONOUGH, Vice President.
ELSA HEDDEN, Secretary.
MILLARD KENT, Treasurer.

MOTTO

"KEEP EVERLASTINGLY PEGGING AWAY."

COLORS

OLIVE GREEN AND GOLD.

VISTA BOARD

KIEL GARRISON, Editor-in-Chief.
LLOY B. CLARK, KITTY HANNON } Assistant Editors.
MILLARD KENT, Business Manager.
GEO. MOSER, JR., MARGUERITE SEABROOKE } Special Com. on Ads.

James Henderson Appleman *"Apple"*

"O, what may man within him hide
Though angel on the outward side?"

Lloy Burton Clark

Honor Roll, Assistant Editor of *"The Vista,"* President of The Agora.

"It would talk—Lord! how it talked."

Robert Wesley Conner *"Bob"*

Agora.

"He is a quiet youth."

William Henry Day *"Happy"* *"Dutchman"*

Agora.

"One may smile and smile and be a villain."

Mae Harrison Dillard

Agora.

"Thy modesty's a candle to thy merit."

Gail Doolittle

Agora.

"Welcome little stranger."

Martha Lee Enos

Agora.

"I find that nonsense at times is singularly refreshing."

Henry Francis Fawcett, *"Harvey"*

*Foot Ball III, IV. Agora.

"And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

*Roman numerals stand for the school year. I for Freshman, II for Sophomore, etc.

Ezekiel Day Garrison *"Zeke"* *"Frizzle"*

Editor *The Vista*. Class President II-IV, Foot Ball I-III, Track III, Basket Ball II-IV, Cap. IV. Agora.

"Thy hair is wonderfully and fearfully arranged."

Alma Katherine Goebel *"From Nebraska"* *"Cicero"*

Agora.

"Now the Lord bless that sweet face of thine."

Katherine A. Hannon *"Kitty"*

Secretary Agora. Assistant Editor *The Vista*.

"I am nothing if not critical."

Mabel Hardin

"How pretty her blushing was, and how she blushed again."

Susan Elizabeth Hedden *"Elsa"*

Honor Roll, Class Secretary IV, Secretary Agora.

"The baby figure of the giant mass of things to come."

Martha A. Hieb

Honor Roll, President Agora, Class Vice President II, Class Secretary III, Class Prophet.

"Tall of stature, broad of shoulder,
Dark and terrible in aspect."

Eva Lenore Hunlow

Agora.

"I am tipsy with laughter."

Georgia Irwin

Honor Roll, Vice President Agora.

"But she while her companions slept was toiling upward in the night."

Lena Joseph

Agora.

"An unwieldy bundle of good nature."

Edna Oneta Kaiser

"Her modest looks the cottage might adorn."

Alpha Leone Kreutzer

"Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune."

Millard C. Kent

Business Manager *The Vista*, Class Treasurer III–IV.

"Nowhere so busy a man as he there n'as
And yet he seemed busier than he was."

Eunice Long

Agora.

"The best things are sometimes done up in the smallest packages."

Harold Clifford Malone *"Wenie"*

"A man with a head, light on the inside and outside."

Elsie Amanda McCulloch

Agora.

"Tie up the knocker."

Ellen McDonough *"Nellie"*

Honor Roll, Class Vice President IV, Agora.

"I am one of those gentle ones that will use the devil himself with courtesy."

Bonnie Dent McKay

Secretary Agora.

"The dimple that thy chin contains has beauty in it's round."

George J. Moser, Jr.

The Vista Board.

"A most potent, grave and reverend Senior."

Alma Margaret Orme

"Something between a hindrance and a help."

Mary Emma Renn

"Nor know we anything so fair as is the smile upon thy face."

Frank H. Ritter *"Nick" "Doc"*

Class Secretary II, Foot Ball III.

"Life is a jest and all things show it."

Stella Sands

"She has a tongue with a tang."

Louisa Mary Schlosser

Honor Roll. Agora.

"What is the name please?"

Roy Wesley Scott *"Scottie" "Nigger"*

Agora, Basket Ball IV.

"Here he comes swelling like a turkey-cock."

Anna Marguerite Seabrooke

Honor Roll, Agora, Girls Basket Ball.

"A creature fond of changing, fair and vain."

Mary Florence Shrader

Agora.

"All the Latin I construe is 'Amo,' I love."

Nellie Louise Smith

Agora.

"No, never say nothin' without you're compelled to."

Estelle Kathryn Strack

Basket Ball.

"What will please you next the Lord can tell."

Fannie Jane Stout

"But for you to be so buried in books, O Fanny."

Mary Theodosia Taylor *"Theo"*

Agora.

"And her hair shall be of what color it please God."

Louise C. Weilbrenner

Honor Roll, Agora.

"You'd scarce expect one of my age
To speak in public on the stage."

Virginia Meredith Work

Sergeant at Arms Agora.

"A firm yet cautious maid."

Nellie Matilda Young

"I have heard of the lady and good words went with her name."

. . . Class History . . .

We were grouped around a grate fire in the Frat Library at ——— College. Every Saturday morning that winter we had gathered there and toasted marshmallows and told stories, until the idea struck one of the girls to tell the history of our High School days instead of stories. That morning, as I was the only member of the Class of '06 of N. A. H. S. present, it was "up to me." So I occupied the seat of honor, an immense arm-chair, and began, with the girls gathered around me.

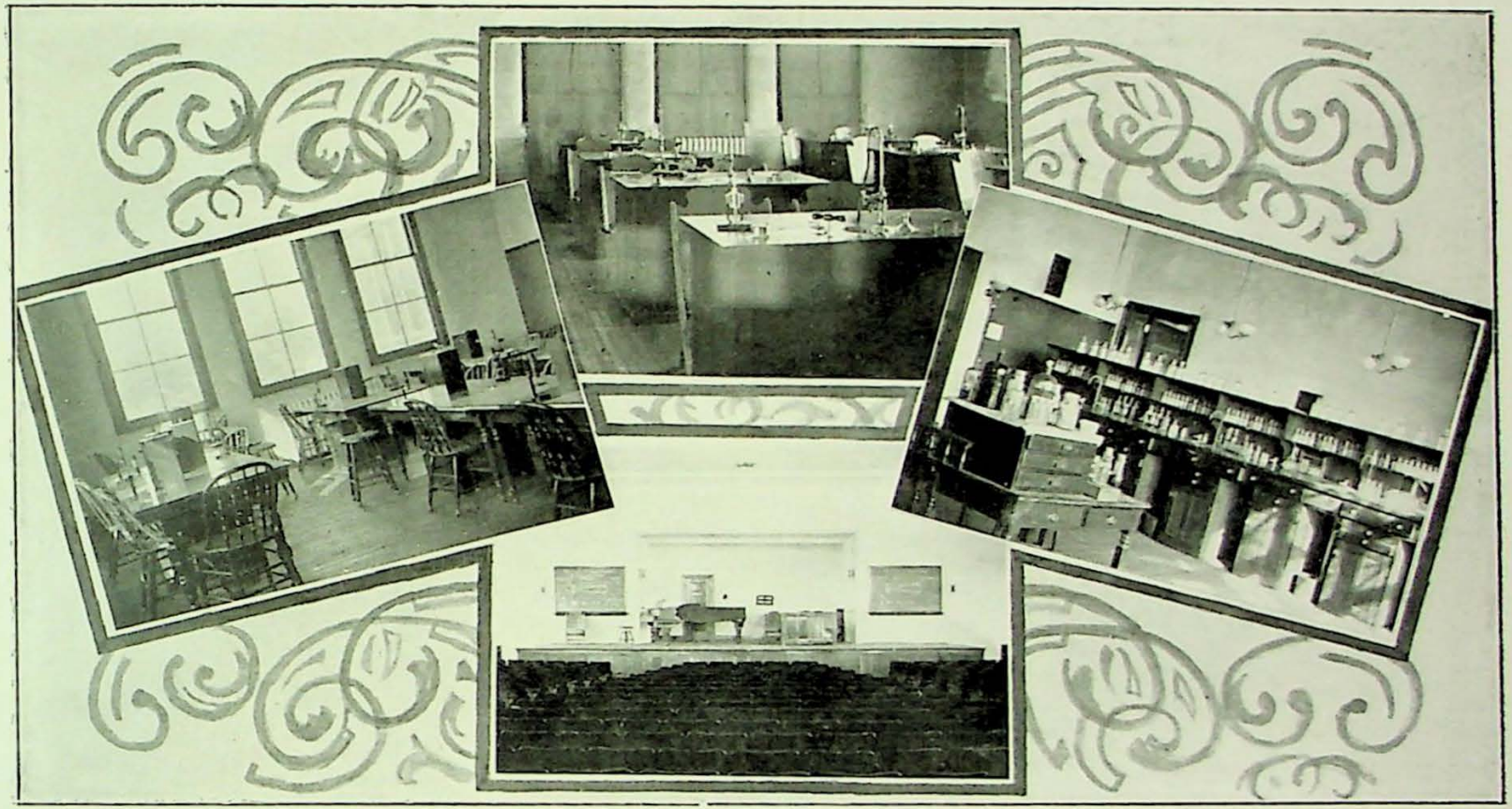
"In the autumn of 1902 eighty-three of us entered High School. It was quite a day in our youthful experience; however, I won't stop to describe our timidity and all the other things characteristic of brand new Freshmen the world over. The old High School building had been torn down and the Frisbie property had been purchased for the site of the new building, but for a time we occupied the dwelling as it was. That first day Freshmen were not the only students who got mixed up, but we soon learned the ups and downs of the place and had no more trouble—so far as getting lost was concerned. That winter we rehearsed the opera "Chimes of Normandy" under Mr. D. R. Gebhart. The days flew by and when the daffodils and hyacinths on either side the long walk were abloom, the lawn was blue with violets and the fruit trees were pink and white, the opera was presented with great success. A list of the participants had been tacked in the hall, and if one of them fell below the required standard in his lessons, his name was crossed off the list, so the opera was not allowed to interfere with school work. A familiar figure in the hall those days was Mr. Dangerfield, who was ever vigilant, especially on rainy days when every student had to march around to the back porch and leave his umbrella in the stand. Toward the close of the term several Freshmen boys distinguished themselves by appearing in their first long trousers. We held several class meetings and after making arrangements for a picnic, were quite ready to leave school. At the end of the term Prof. Funk, so beloved by his students, was compelled on account of his health to resign his position as principal, and the next year we learned with sorrow of his death, but his memory still lingers in the minds of at least eighty-three boys and girls who knew and honored him. Mr. Earl Walker also resigned to devote himself wholly to his hobby, automobiles.

"The school building of our Sophomore days was DePauw College. The day we entered there, girls, was one of our red-letter days, for then we met Prof. Buerk. There was also another addition to the Faculty, Mr. George Kahl, instructor in German and English. It didn't take us long this time to become acquainted with the new quarters and the new professors. How we did look down upon the Freshmen from our exalted position. In the latter part of autumn the corner stone of the new High School building

was laid and the students sang at the exercises which were conducted by the Knights Templar. Our next musical "stunt" was the opera "Little Duke" produced in the spring with the success of the "Chimes" repeated. Through Prof. Buerk's efforts an Athletic Association was organized and High School boats, four in number, were purchased. Rowing was quite a new exercise for most of the girls, but it soon became very popular, and many of the girls are now expert with the oars. In the spring, too, we found walking another form of exercise, for we often took long jaunts in search of wild flower specimens for botany class.

"As Juniors we were introduced to Caesar, initiated into the mysteries of geometry and physics, and taught to say in a thrilling voice "Is this a dagger I see before me? Come, let me clutch thee?" We were unwilling to give up the boats, which we had so enjoyed during vacation, so we used to row until sunset after school, with Commodore H. A. Buerk in charge, until the boats were put up for the winter. Prof. Buerk that fall organized and coached football teams and the boys enjoyed success until after Thanksgiving, when basketball came in. The opera chosen for presentation that year was "Pinafore" attended by the usual success. In the spring Prof. Ed. Kahl took the Junior classes in physics to visit the ice factory, the Home Telephone Exchange, and the Fourth street Reel House where the batteries of the fire alarm system are stationed. If you care to, you may read my written accounts of the trips, they're in my desk. At the end of that year four members of the Faculty resigned: Mrs. Shrader, Miss Fawcett, Mr. George Kahl, and Mr. D. R. Gebhart.

"Of course this meant new teachers and as we were to enter the new building, we were again excited by curiosity. As became Seniors, however, we curbed this curiosity and tried to take things as matters of course. It was some time before we became accustomed to the new regulations, but in due course of time we settled down to work and incidentally, to play, for the gymnasium work, that of the girls under our charming instructor, Miss Ziegelbaur, and that of the boys under Prof. Elfer's supervision, was a much enjoyed recreation. We found our new High School and the Faculty all that could be desired. Our Senior year was one of great development in all lines. Prof. Buerk used to deliver the most interesting lectures on astronomy to the Seniors during the first twenty minutes on Tuesdays and Thursdays, the period devoted to music in the Auditorium the other three days. The Seniors and Juniors organized a literary society, the Agora, and gained much in the art of public speaking. The Senior girls realized the need of a social side to the class and organized a club that met every other Friday. Every girl in the class was eligible to membership, and the girls entertained in groups of two or three and invited the boys to be present. At first an effort was made by the Senior girls to organize a Greek Letter Society, but the Faculty readily discouraged the idea, owing to the prevalent objections to these societies in High Schools. We had some very spirited class meetings toward the end of the year, especially the one where we voted to graduate in caps and gowns. Out of eighty three, forty-one graduated, and, of course, in this number were a few who came into N. A. H. S. after the first year. Our motto was that famous saying of Roosevelt's, 'Keep everlastingly pegging away,' but girls, it seems to me, I've been pegging away long enough. Here's our Vista. You may look at it if you wish," and I handed the little green and gold booklet to the girls who perused it almost as eagerly as did forty-one Seniors in the spring of '06.



Photos by Tompkins

A PART OF THE BIOLOGICAL LABORATORY

A PART OF THE PHYSICS LABORATORY

THE AUDITORIUM

Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

A CORNER IN THE CHEMISTRY LABORATORY

. . . Junior Class 1903 - 1907 . . .

OFFICERS

EDWIN MARKWELL, President
GRACE HARTMAN, Vice President
MARGARET McCRACKEN, Secretary
JULIA GREENWOOD, Treasurer

COLOR

CRIMSON

CLASS ROLL

Julia Armstrong
Julia Greenwood
Ida Brown
Mabel Kurfess
Beula McCulloch
Clara Corbett
Mary King
Lillian Reeves
Pink Emery
Sue Hatfield
Lillian McKee
India Grant
Opal Heckleman

Grace Hartman
Kathleen Weathers
Ethel McCulloch
Grace Berger
Ruth Rough
Eva Neafus
Mae Biel
Edna Miller
Alpha Starr
Maud Davis
Cora McFall
Belle Genung
Margaret Conner

Sue Jackson
Charles Martin
Carl Powell
Oscar Widman
Edwin Thomas
Clark Vance
Stanley McClure
Morris McCurdy
Mitchell Hilt
Lee Hazelwood
Oliver Starr
Scott Owen
Elbert Emery

Lance Holmes
Fred Kurfess
Carlton Neat
Jacob Buerk
Louis Spaulding
Cyrus Dash
Margaret McCracken
Katherine Wolpert
William Wood
Edwin Markwell
Edna King
Ira Yates

Photo by Heimberger

JUNIOR CLASS

Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

. . . Sophomore Class 1904 - 1908 . . .

OFFICERS

RONALD KENT, President
FRANK GILTNER, Vice President
LEE SAPINSKY, Secretary
EDITH KAHL, Treasurer

COLORS

Scarlet and Cream

CLASS ROLL

Anna Korfhage
Edith Kahl
Martha Helfrich
Margaret Jewett
Bessie Erni
Marguerite Hardy
Julia Kintner
Irma Fleischer
Olive Weissinger
Nellie Edmondson
Maude Winn
Helen Ruthenburg
Mabel McWilliams
Grace Bradford
Margaret Reid
Will Cannon
James Clark

Oliver Hartman
Stella Klerner
Josephine Beach
Louise Manor
Lima Zimmerman
Nina Foreman
Irene Rohlfing
Catherine Scharf
Etta Klosse
Lillian Pitt
Anna Moser
Merline Dodson
Mary Newhouse
Sammy Mensinger
Gertrude DeArk
Mary Devol
Julia Schan

Elmo Kreutzer
Alma Sittason
Orpha Hilt
Leanora Brautigam
Helen Gordon
Maud Thomas
Florine Busenbark
Estyl Inman
Essie Evans
Virginia Lynd
Isis Caress
Jennie Griffin
Julia Allen
Mary Easton
Pearl Sands
Francis Sands
Nadyne Syne

Madge Starr
Ethel Millican
Myrtle McClellan
Eleanor Stoy
Edna Rutledge
Carl Schindler
Gustav Weinmann
Wilford Hassenmiller
Lee Sapinsky
Chester Best
Stanley Walker
Herman Rockenbach
William Briggs
Bertram Heckle
Herbert Fleischer
Edmund Ritter
Robert Morris

Oscar Erni
John Sherlock
Harry Brown
Robin Grosheider
Byron Hartley
Lance Briscoe
Harry Hurst
Ray Brisby
William Buckley
Howard Wayman
William Strickland
Carl Thorn
Chester Unclebach
Irwin Savage
Ronald Kent
Frank Giltner
Louise Stoy

Photo by Heimberger

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

. . . Freshman Class 1905-1909 . . .

COLORS

Pink and Gray

OFFICERS

CLIFFORD LADUC, President
FAY LEWIS, Vice President
MARY HILL, Secretary
STUART HARVISON, Treasurer

MOTTO

"Esse Quam Videre"

CLASS ROLL

LATIN CLASSES

Carl Best	Margaret Greene	Mary Flege	Gilbert Powell	Earl Evans
Roy Daniel	Hilda Hinkebein	Margaret Sauer	Sherrill Tompkins	Oliver Bocard
Bertha Ogden	Eleanor McPheeters	Pauline Dale	Raynor West	Walter Conner
Rose Dowd	Irma Patton	Alma Rilling	Ruth Shrader	Walter Perry
Lida Barnett	Nellie Willett	Marian Shrode	Alice Beck	Edward Dowell
Marian Neat	Maud Thomas	Irene Reeves	Vera Fisher	Clifford LaDuc
Mary Keehner	Mary Hieb	Lucille Dodson	Fay Lewis	Daniel Walsh, Jr.
Charlotte Reeves	Florence Schefold	Frances Hartley	Eda Irwin	Llewellyn Johnson
Margaret McDonough	Helen McDonald	Irene Hoffman	Katherine McQuiddy	Robert Pennington
Mabel Bigwood	Mildred Rogers	Hildred Funk	Lola Reid	Arthur Schmitt
Vance Llewellan	Griffin Pleiss	Lillian Walter	Elsa Goodbub	George Day
Stuart Harvison	Bonnie Morbley	Nettie Powell	Barbara Klerner	Frank Buck
Bowman Phelps	Lillie Burd	Elizabeth Mulloy	Irma Zinsmeister	James Kintner
Scott Leach	Edna Stratton	Nellie Dunn	Mary Hill	Wayne Young
Aline Cerf	Catherine Holmes	Hazel Phillips	Irma Lyons	Herbert Moore
Barbara Weathers	Irma Brown	Elizabeth Garrison		

GERMAN CLASSES

Urban Widman	James Ridley	Lilian Fix	Edmund Briggs	Marshall Lemon
Laura Mitchell	Richey Baird	Corine Belfiy	Edward Hahn	William Bourke
Bessie Rue	Alfred Dowd	Anna Schlosser	Cecil Ward	Harold McIntosh
Loraine Engleman	Ada Arnold	Edith Wey	Carl Maetschke	Harry Beck
Jennie Joseph	Irene Brown	Margaret Eisle	Robert Martin	Mary Shrader
Bertha Turner	Edna Sagabiel	Alma McCulloch	Covey Aldrich	Benjamin Krey
Anna Haug	Elta Weaver	Floyd Fleming	Roy Genung	Bruce Vance
Ethel Hauswald	Mayme Swope	John Howley	Theodore Kleiber	Arthur Hudleson
Belle Finch				

Photo by Heimberger FRESHMAN (LATIN) CLASS *Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.*

Photo by Heimberger FRESHMAN (GERMAN) CLASS *Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.*

The Agora and The Atheneum.

In future years when the class of nineteen hundred and six is scattered abroad over the face of the earth, when the last member of the class of nineteen nine has graduated and gone forth to reform the world, when a new race of students with new customs and laws files through the long halls, then perchance it may be that, in some far away district, merry children will cluster around a feeble, white haired grandmother and beg for stories of olden times.

And who knows but that the grandmother will say, "Long ago, children, when I was young and as gay as you, I went to the dear old High School of New Albany, a flourishing town on the banks of the Ohio. There was in that High School, Oh! I well remember him, an English teacher usually called Professor McLinn. He had progressive ideas and the lack of certain familiar institutions in the High School seemed to worry him. Therefore Professor McLinn set to work to supply the lack. His plans finally matured on Friday, January the fifth, nineteen hundred and six, when the more literary and progressive members of the Junior and Senior classes held a meeting in battle scarred Room Twelve.

"That meeting was not held, my dears, according to strict parliamentary law but it served its purpose. At the end of the session a full fledged literary society had come into existence with President, Vice President, Secretary (the Sergeant-at-arms was added later), a Committee for drawing up a Constitution and a Purpose. The purpose was that the members gain a better knowledge of and more practice in all forms of literary work, oratory, debating, reciting or perhaps acting.

"The next Friday another meeting was held but this time in the auditorium as befitted the dignity and importance of the Junior and Senior Literary Society. At this time the Society received its name, The Agora, the name of the assembly of the citizens among the Spartans, I believe. You might look it up in some ancient history and see if I am correct. The society also gained a constitution drawn up in the most formal style. Then indeed did the road leading to great literary triumphs and achievements seem clear and bright. From that time on the Agora held stately and solemn meetings in the auditorium every Wednesday at precisely twenty minutes past three. From that humble stage were thundered forth mighty debates and orations; on that stage was the best dramatic ability of the school displayed, and, under the hands of gifted young musicians, the piano gave out wonderful and strange sounds.

"On that same memorable Friday another meeting was held, a meeting of aspiring Freshmen and Sophomores. This convention was held indeed in Room Seven, the scene of many a mathematical skirmish, under the protecting wing of Professor Buerk, our reverend and loved principal. There another literary society was produced to be christened The Atheneum. The name, my dears, is that of the famous temple of Athena, goddess of Wisdom, situated in Athens, where the learned and gifted people of ancient times assembled. This society, too, was provided with officers, including a Musical Director, with a constitution containing all necessary articles and by-laws and with a purpose much like that of the Agora. Our sister society met every Friday, after school, in the auditorium and presented a brilliant and remarkable programme.

"Thus the two societies, the Agora and the Atheneum, existed long, in friendship, side by side in the old High School. The charter members have all left the old school now, they are scattered throughout the world; yet I trust that now and then they think of the meetings held every Wednesday and Friday, of their critic and counselor, Professor McLinn, of their friends among the faculty and of the programmes presented with no one knows how many secret heart burnings and tears."

Might not the white haired grandmother tell all this? Assuredly, strange things have happened. But whatever does happen, long life to the Agora and the Atheneum, long life to their founder and to their friends.

M. M.

. . . Foot Ball . . .

Foot ball in our school has not been, this season, what it has heretofore. This was due principally to the lack of material Therefore whatever good record has been made is due to the skillful coaching of Prof. Elfers, and to the untiring efforts of Captain Graybrook. There was not the response on the part of the boys that had been expected, and a great many of the candidates who did present themselves were really too light to play the game. We did not play a team throughout the season that did not outweigh ours. For this reason we were compelled to rely more on strategy than force in our play. Captain Graybrook, however, was sometimes the salvation of the team, scarcely ever failing to make his distance in a line buck, when every other play failed.

The game with Salem resulted in a score which would have been disgraceful had it not been for the fact that it was played mostly by the second team men. Five members of the first team were unable to be present, and their places were filled from the second team. This, together with the fact that it was played on Salem's field, partially accounts for the showing made at that time. After this game the school lost interest to some extent in foot ball, and thus made it harder for the boys during the rest of the season. We were to have given Salem a return game on Thanksgiving, but through some mismanagement, were unable to do so.

The game with Tharpe University School of Louisville, was announced and played as a practice game, and so does not properly belong to the schedule.

SCHEDULE.

Oct. 4.	Jeffersonville H. S.	0	N. A. H. S	20	Played in	New Albany.
Oct. 7.	Louisville Training school	5	" " " "	6	"	" Louisville.
Oct. 21.	Blue River Academy	12	" " " "	6	"	" New Albany.
Oct. 28.	Salem H. S.	88	" " " "	0	"	" Salem.
Nov. 1.	Tharpe	17	" " " "	0	"	" New Albany.
Nov. 11.	Corydon H. S.	5	" " " "	5	"	" Corydon.
Nov. 18.	2nd Manual	0	" " " "	6	"	" New Albany.
Nov. 25.	Corydon H. S	2	" " " "	0	"	" New Albany.

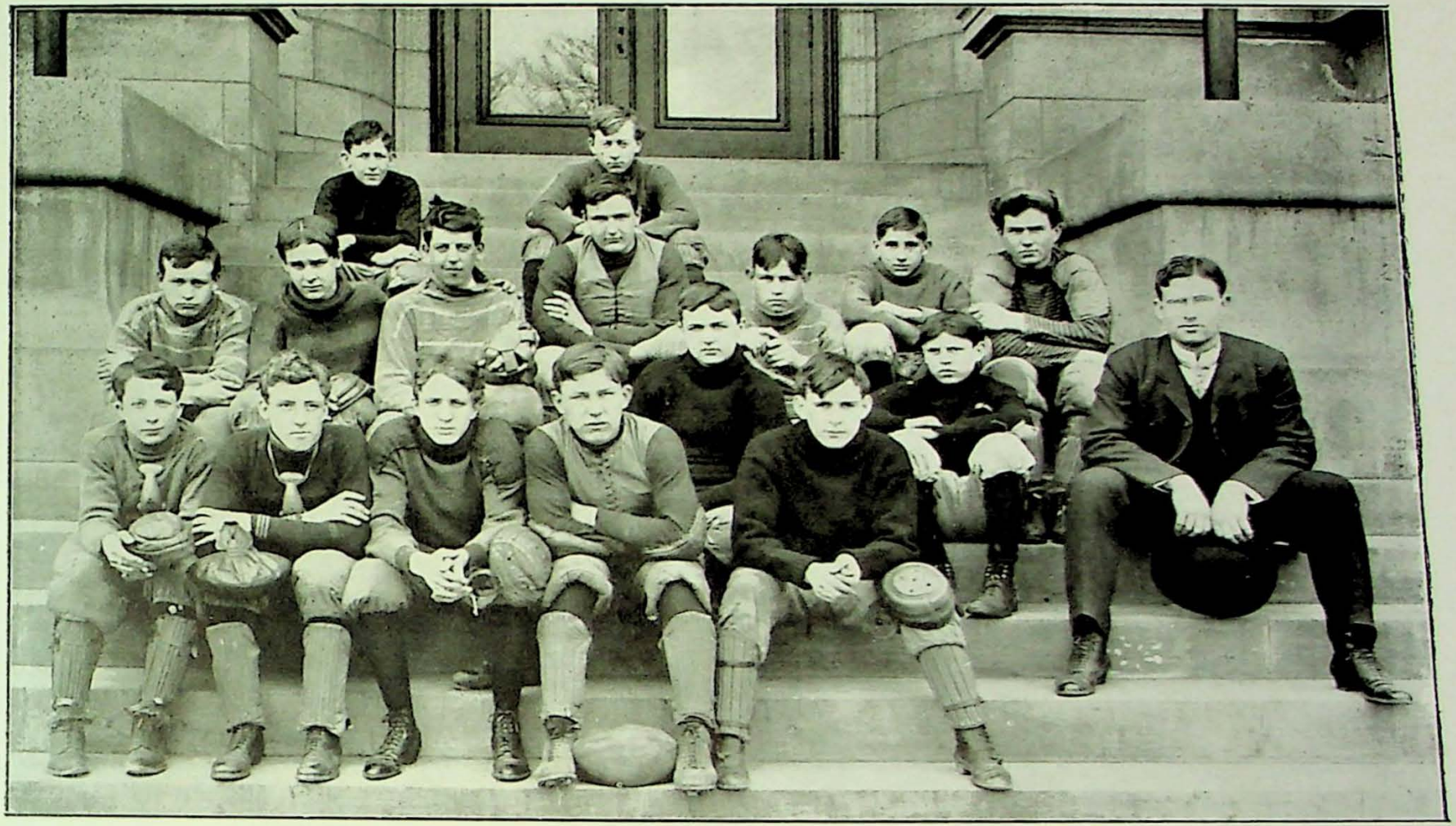


Photo by Tompkins.

FOOT BALL SQUAD

Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

J. RIDLEY H. FAWCETT

ROY DANIEL S. WALKER C. VANCE W. YOUNG F. FLEMING R. MARTIN M. MCCURDY

CARL SCHINDLER A. DOWD PROF. ELFERS (Coach)

F. BUCK R. BEARD E. THOMAS D. GRAYBROOK (Captain) R. KENNEY

. . . Basket Ball . . .

VARSITY TEAM

Forwards—M. Harding
F. Walker
E. Thomas

Guards—K. Garrison (Capt.)
R. Morris
D. Graybrook

Center—R. Scott

SCHEDULE

*Dec. 8.	Anchors	27	vs.	N. A. H. S.	9
*Dec. 22.	2nd N. A. H. S.	8	"	"	25
*Dec. 29.	Arrows	18	"	"	20
Jan. 10.	Apollos	22	"	"	9
*Jan. 12.	Keystones	21	"	"	7
Jan. 16.	Apollos	10	"	"	14
Jan. 24.	Keystones	13	"	"	8
Jan. 26.	Bedford H. S.	32	"	"	9
Feb. 2.	Bedford H. S.	21	"	"	13
*Feb. 16.	Crescents	17	"	"	9
*Mar. 9.	Apollos	10	"	"	16
Apr. 4.	Anchors	38	vs.	N. A. H. S.	27
*	New Albany Business College forfeited to N. A. H. S.				

* League games.

CLASS TEAMS

Senior

Scott
Hendricks (Capt.)
Graybrook
Garrison
Greene
Kenney

Junior

Markwell
Thomas (Capt.)
C. Neat
J. Buerk
Holmes

Sophomore

Harding
Walker
Schindler
Morris (Capt.)
R. Kent

Freshman

Young
Fleming (Capt.)
Buck
Ridley
Dowd

SECOND TEAM

Forwards—J. Ridley
C. Neat
A. Dowd

Guards—Ed. Greene
Frank Buck
L. Holmes
Ed. Markwell

Center—F. Fleming (Capt.)

SCHEDULE

*Dec. 22.	N. A. H. S.	25	vs.	2nd N. A. H. S.	8
Jan. 10.	2nd Apollo..	4	"	"	16
Jan. 16.	2nd Apollo..	4	"	"	18
*Jan. 24.	Arrows	11	"	"	6
*Jan. 26.	Apollo	16	"	"	9
*Feb. 9.	Keystones	22	"	"	7
*Feb. 23.	Crescents	34	"	"	26
*Mar. 2.	Anchors	36	"	"	14
*	New Albany Business College forfeited to 2nd N. A. H. S.				

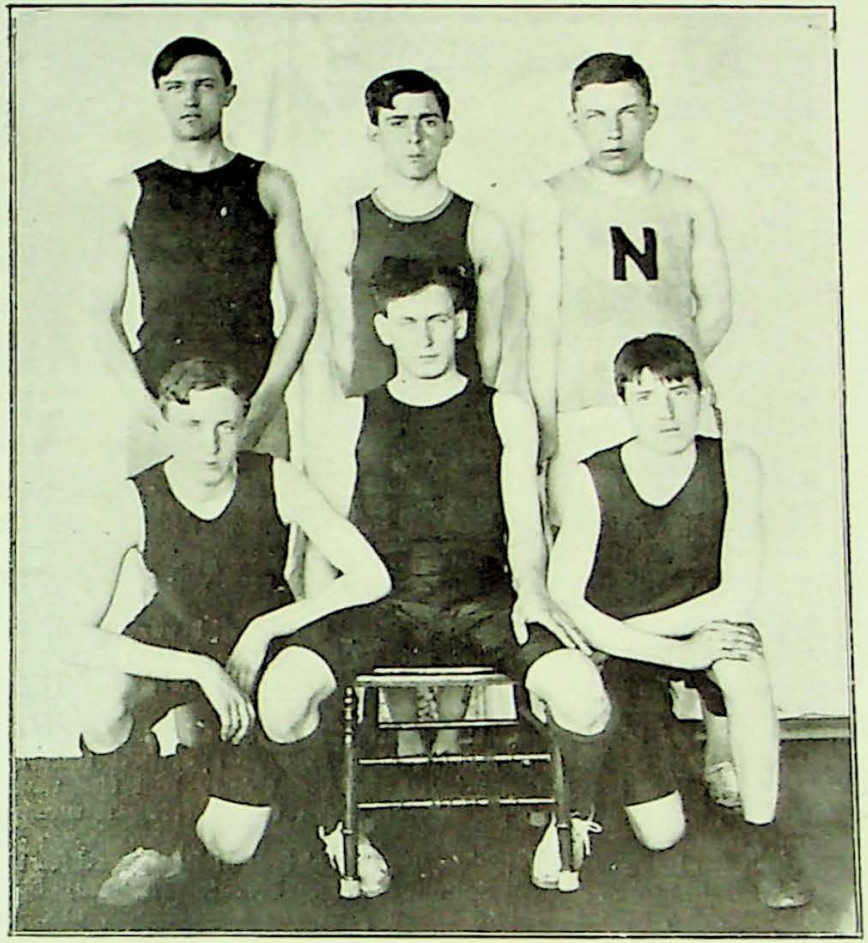
* League games.

CLASS GAMES

March 7. Seniors 10 vs. Freshmen 14.
Juniors 2 vs. Sophomores 15.

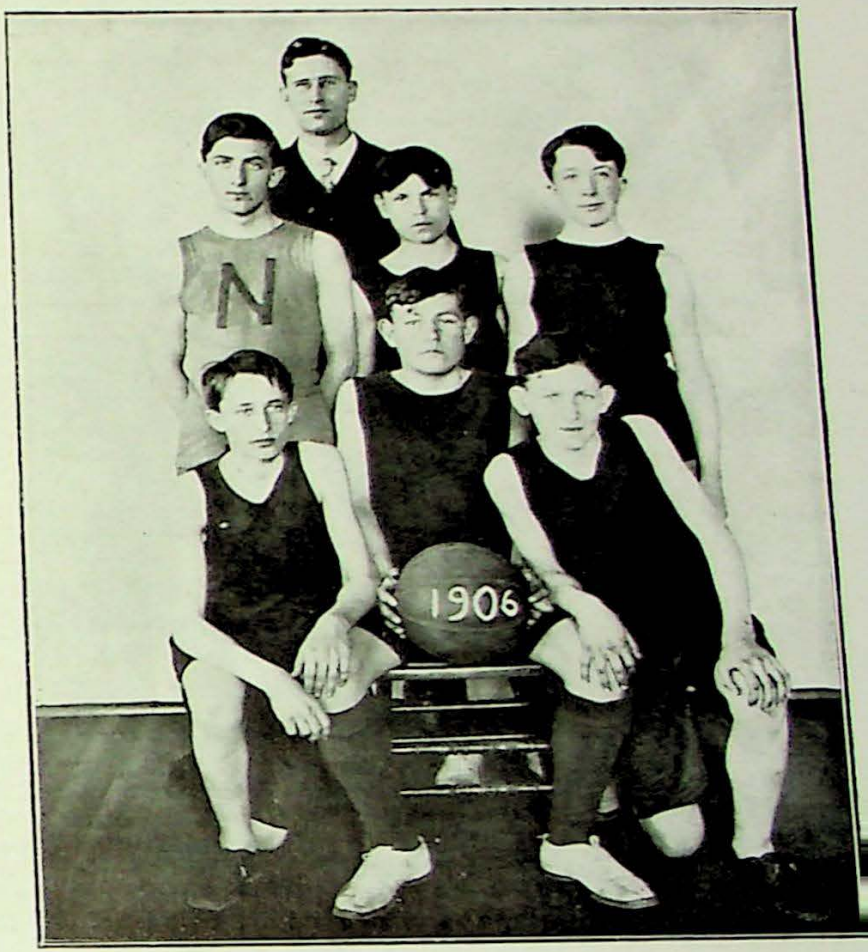
March 14. Seniors 15 vs. Juniors 13.
Soph. 26 vs. Fresh. 13.

March 21. Seniors 14 vs. Juniors 11
Soph. 23 vs. Fresh. 20.



Photos by Tompkins.

FIRST TEAM



Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

SECOND TEAM

. . . Basket Ball . . .

Toward the close of the foot ball season a basket ball league was formed among the Crescents, Anchors, Keystones and Arrows, of the local Y. M. C. A., the Apollo Athletic Club, of Jeffersonville, Jeff. High School, New Albany Business College and the New Albany High School. The games were all to be played in the Y. M. C. A. gymnasium. It was found that Jeffersonville High School could not organize a team, and our Second team took its place throughout the schedule.

On the fifth of December about thirty candidates presented themselves for admission to the squad. A few of these had had previous experience, but for the most part they were entirely new at the game. Professor Elfers, our coach, selected five of the most promising players, and after two days practice we played the first game of the season, against the Anchors.

On December fifteenth Mitchell Harding was elected captain of the squad. In the next few games we won from the Second team and Arrows, and were defeated by the Keystones and by the Apollo Club upon their floor.

On the sixteenth of January Harding resigned his position as captain and Kiel Garrison was elected to fill the vacancy. That night we played the Apollo Club again, this time in our own territory, and won the first game played in our new High School gymnasium by a score of fourteen to ten. We were in turn beaten by the Keystones on our floor, and by Bedford High School, both at Bedford and New Albany. The Bedford team is one of the strongest high school teams in Southern Indiana. We were also defeated by the Crescents, who took first place in the Basket Ball League. Soon afterward we again defeated the Apollo Club, this time in a league game, thus effectually "wiping out" our disgrace at their hands earlier in the season. The New Albany Business College team went to pieces after playing a few games, and they forfeited games to both the first and second teams.

Our Second team, which was composed almost entirely of players who were new at the game, won great credit for themselves by playing throughout the entire season against the same teams that the Varsity played, and often making scores that showed up favorably with theirs. The High School team obtained fourth place in the league and the Second team, seventh place.

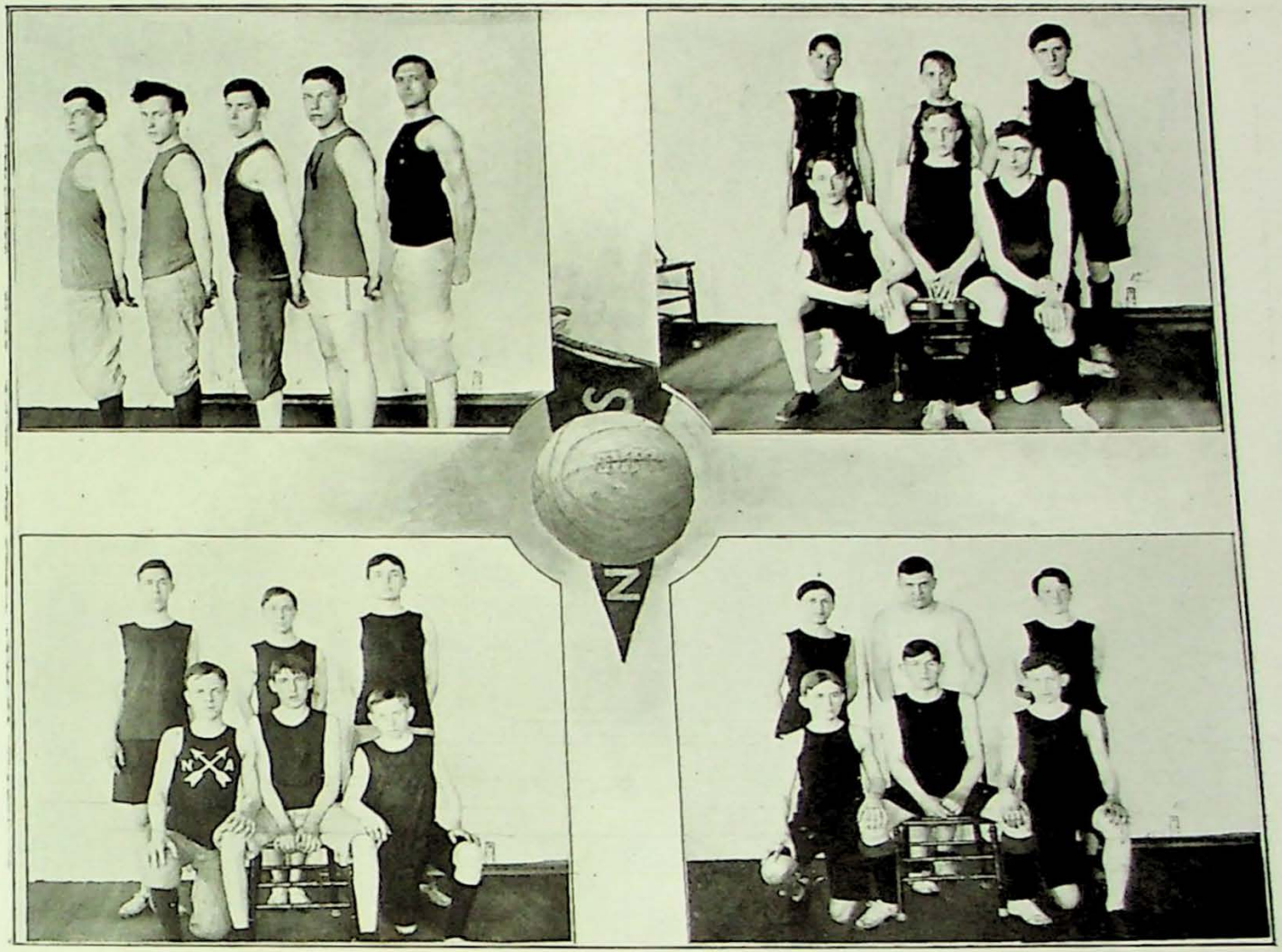
Toward the close of the season class teams were organized, and played six interesting games. No team received first place as may be seen by the schedule.

The girls also, under the direction of Miss Ziegelbaur and Prof. Elfers, organized several teams, which did very creditable work, especially the Freshmen. The girls' Varsity team was able to get only one team to play them this year, and that after some difficulty. This was the Young Women's Hebrew Association, of Louisville. The game was won by New Albany with a score of fifteen to eight.

In addition to our teams the High School furnished a star player on the Keystones, three on the Arrows and one on the Crescents besides Prof. Elfers who was captain of that team. Since the regulations of the Basket Ball League specified that any person who had played upon one team in a league game was ineligible to any other team, the High School not only lost the use of those who had previously "signed articles" with the other teams mentioned, but were also prohibited from transferring a member of the second team to the first, or even using a substitute from the second team.

Thus, although we have suffered more defeats during the season than we have won victories, we do not feel disheartened for this year marks a new era in basket ball, and its establishment as one of the foremost of our High School sports. Heretofore membership to the team has been limited to five or six boys who belonged to the Y. M. C. A., and had had some previous experience, and the sport was consequently very poorly supported.

This year, with our own gymnasium in which to work, a large squad has turned out, class teams have been organized and a hearty interest taken by the whole school, and we predict that in the near future, New Albany High School will develop a team second to none in our part of the state.



Photos by Tompkins

CLASS BASKET BALL TEAMS

Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

SENIOR TEAM
SOPHOMORE TEAM

JUNIOR TEAM
FRESHMAN TEAM

Photos by Tompkins

SOME OF THE GIRLS' GYM CLASSES

Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

Photos by Tompkins

BAR-BELL DRILL

Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.

This play is really the first attempt at dramatic art in our school since 1900. It was rendered by the Sophomore Class on April 27th with marked success, and repeated May 11th, for the benefit of the San Francisco fund.

THE CAST.

Shylock	Lee Sapinsky
Antonio	Harry Brown and Gus Weinman
Bassanio	Wm. Strickland, Will Briggs, Byron Hartley, Lance Briscoe
Portia	Helen Ruthenburg, Alma Sittason, Virginia Lynd
Nerissa	Mary Devol, Elmo Kreutzer, Anna Korfhage
Launcelot	Will Cannon
Old Gobbo	Bertram Haeckel
Leonardo	Irvin Savage
Jessica	Julia Schan
Lorenzo	Carl Schindler
Gratiano	Oliver Hartman
Salerio	Carl Thorn
Salanio	Irwin Savage
Tubal	Bertram Haeckel
The Duke of Venice	John Sherlock

STATISTICS OF THE SENIOR CLASS.

The Class of '06 is indeed a wonderful product. It is the first class to display any distinct dramatic talent; the first to graduate from the new building after a year's work; the first to have class night exercises; and the first worthy of a place in the annals of the world on account of size, height, weight, age and understanding of its members.

The tallest member of our class is seventy-two inches, and the shortest is five feet and one and one-half inches high. The girls vary in weight from ninety-three pounds to one hundred and eighty-five pounds, with a general average of one hundred and twenty. The size of their shoes varies from two to nine, with an average of three, and the average age is eighteen.

The boys average a little more in every respect, except size of shoes and there they range a great deal larger. The average age is nineteen; the weight one hundred and thirty-nine; the height sixty-six inches and the size of shoes six and one-half.

The Presbyterian church claims ten of our number; the Catholic church, seven; the Lutheran church, three; the Christian church, four. Six are Methodists, and six, heathen. We have one atheist and one member of the Synagogue.

We have seventeen blue eyed class-mates, thirteen brown eyed and ten with gray eyes. Twenty-five of us have dark hair; fourteen, light, and two, red hair. Two of our number are pigeon-toed, and two favor the kangeroo loop.

If all the Seniors were stood on top of each other the column would reach two hundred and twenty-six feet and eleven inches.

The class as a whole weighs five thousand three hundred and twelve pounds.

As to the percentage of good looks the statistician could not arrive at any definite conclusion.

. . . A Double Victory . . .

Seated under a large oak where he could command a grand view of the St. Johns through an opening in the trees was a handsome lad of about nineteen years. He was watching the sea gulls as they circled around over some weeds that had been tossed up by the waves from an ingoing vessel, and as he sat there thinking of his friends in his home town in Michigan the small birds flew from tree to tree and the breeze that blew in from across the river brought to him odors of magnolias and violets.

He had left his home just after Christmas and as he did not wish to miss school he had arranged to enter the Stratford High School on the following Monday. He was turning these thoughts over and over in his mind when suddenly he heard the gay laughter of young folks, and from what he heard they were evidently making fun of one of their number who had gotten caught in a wire fence. Having seen no young people since his arrival in Florida, his first wish was that they would follow the path that led along just in front of him. He was not disappointed for in a moment he saw tripping down the path towards him, "the prettiest and cutest girl" that he thought he had ever seen. She wore a white sailor suit with a wide, red silk tie, knotted sailor fashion. Her belt was red and her white collar was trimmed with red. Her hat was of thin, frail straw and was trimmed with a simple wreath of red poppies. On her trim little feet were a pair of black low shoes and the prettiest red hose imaginable peeped out from under her skirt. By the time that Bob, our northern friend, had carefully scrutinized the girl, the rest of the party came into view, down the path, laughing and talking; the girls teasing the boys because they had to carry the boxes of lunch. How Bob longed to be one of them! He was lonesome down in Florida and the beauty of nature aroud him made him more melancholy than ever. But this trend of thought was soon broken by a scuffle and a fall and when Bob turned around he found that one of the boys had stumbled and had dropped his box of lunch, resulting in a broken box and a spilled lunch. Bob immediately set to work to help clear up the mishap and was being superintended by "his ideal," as he was pleased to think of her, whose box it was that had been demolished. One thing led to another until Bob was in conversation with the members of the party and as he was a good talker and a clever fellow, he soon won their admiration.

After the party had rested for some time Bob was very agreeably surprised when they invited him to accompany them on their day's outing, and it was not difficult to persuade him to go. He stood up, brushed his clothes with his hands, and with the remnants of the broken box under his arm, strolled down the path with Gladys. They talked and talked, first of Michigan, and then of Florida, and then of the prospect of meeting again sometime in the future, either in Florida or Michigan, and when one of the girls came running back to tell them that they were nearing their destination, they were both much surprised.

Bob's conception of a Florida summer home was a trifle different from what he now saw. There were no large banana palms and wide spreading orange groves loaded with fruit, but short green grass dotted here and there with beds of violets and pansies. There were no wild looking swamps surrounding the house, filled with snakes and alligators, but in their place around the house were large oaks thickly covered with gray moss. The banana palms and orange trees were there, but as it was too early for the fruit the orange blossoms added to the natural beauty by giving off a scent, which is considered by some to be the sweetest on earth. About forty or fifty yards from the house was a large artesian well, the water of which flowed constantly from a pipe which extended out of the ground about five feet. Around this well was a circular stone wall just high enough and wide enough to sit upon. It was upon this wall that the party was seated when the boys began to toss a base ball back and forth to one another. The conversation soon turned upon base ball and Bob perceived that the girls as well as the boys, were well acquainted with the game. Gladys and her friends soon began to question him about the game in the north, and one of the boys asked him how he had won the black (H) which stood out so prominently on the front of his thin jersey. Bob lost no time in telling them that he had won it in foot ball and

base ball, because he was proud of the fact. When they understood that he had performed sufficiently well in base ball to merit the official letter of his school the boys seemed to be very much interested and immediately asked him what position he played. The faces of all brightened when he told them that he was a catcher.

Perhaps it would be better to explain the circumstances which had surrounded the boys in the crowd for the last two weeks. They attended Stratford High School and were all members of the base ball team. There was another school in the vicinity, the Miami High School, and these two schools were sworn rivals in athletics Each spring they were accustomed to playing a series of three games, and each school had won a game of the present spring series. Stratford had lost their game because of a weak catcher, and with the last game of the series only a week off they were much alarmed over their future prospects. Therefore when Bob pulled on a glove, climbed down off the stone wall and began to receive some fast balls from one of the boys, it was not surprising that their faces brightened. They had a scheme.

It would be very difficult to follow our party through all the events of that happy day but, most of their conversation was about base ball, and when the tired little party strolled down the long dock to where the cozy little launch, "Ripples," was tied their prospects for winning their coming game were brightened as Bob informed them that he had previously arranged to attend Stratford and would try for the team. The "Ripples" belonged to one of the boys who had gone home early in the afternoon and returned with the launch in order that they might ride home in the moonlight, and when the party climbed aboard they all heaved a sigh of relief and threw themselves down on the cushions which had been scattered promiscuously around in the chairs and upon the floor of the cabin. They remained in the cabin during the entire trip, telling stories and singing and when the little launch arrived at its destination they stepped out upon the home dock, all well satisfied that they could not have improved upon the pleasure of the day. Bob expressed his thanks and gratitude to the girls for the day's outing and their invitation to call with the rest of the boys, and he and Gladys walked leisurely homeward, both, upon parting at her gate, expressing a wish that it was the beginning instead of the end of the day.

On the following Monday afternoon when Bob and Captain Grey were walking home from practice, with their dusty uniforms on and their caps and mits in their hands, they met Gladys, but neither of them knew the gentleman who was carrying her books. They were walking slowly down the street and their attitudes aroused a little feeling of jealousy in Bob and he was anxious to know who his rival was. He could think of no better time to find out than that very night, so he hurried home, lost no time in removing his dusty clothing, and left the gate an hour later with a small cap on the back of his head and his coat over his shoulder. He walked down one street and then another and then turned down a street that led to the river where the reflection of the moon looked like a long uneven string of white on the dark water. He whistled all the way, only stopping to tell one of the boys where he was going, and when he sauntered up the long white walk that led to the veranda where Gladys was sitting, he stopped whistling and removed his cap with a good natured bow and "good evening." Gladys took his coat and hung it in the hall but told him to wear his cap so that he wouldn't catch cold.

Inspired by both Gladys' company and the moon, Bob carried on a lively conversation and used every method imaginable to find out who his rival was and whether he need be afraid of Gladys' admiring him more than she did himself. He learned very little, however, only that the other fellow's name was Barnes and that he was going to pitch for Miami the rest of the season. Bob even asked Gladys for whom she intended to "root," but she would only say that she was not going to root at all. He soon found that she was a clever girl and her independent nature worried him but he was not displeased because he liked uncertainty and when he said good night and told her that he had really spent a pleasant evening, he spoke the truth.

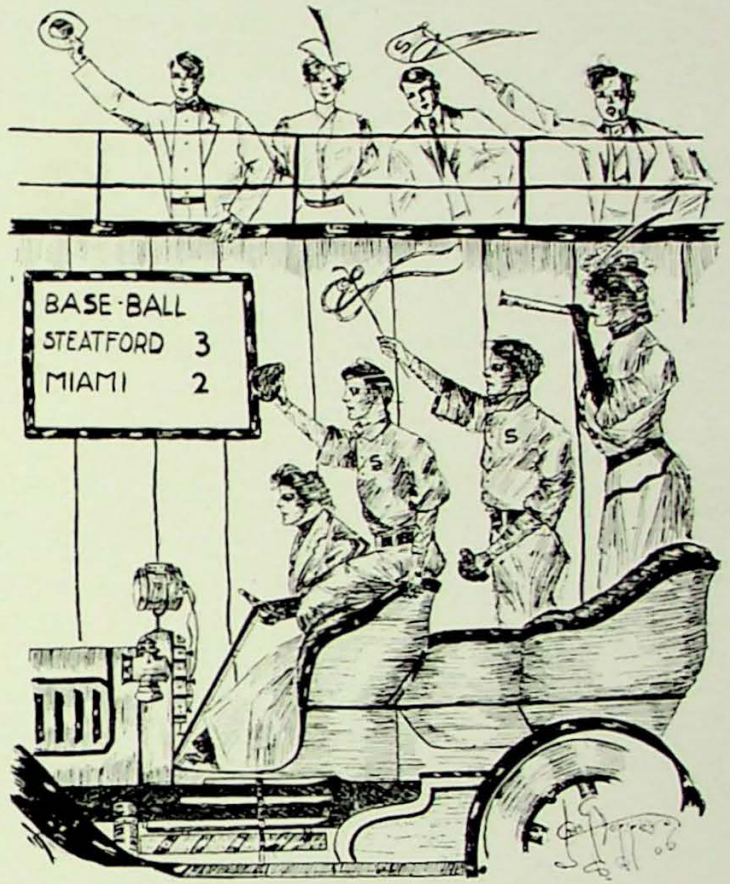
* * * * * * * * * * * * * *

The whole town seemed interested in the coming game and the two teams were going through secret practice. All the lovers

and followers of athletics were talking of the new men on the two teams and there seemed to be a universal idea that Bob and Barnes were good additions to their respective teams. The game was talked of on the street corners, on the back of street cars and in fact everywhere where people were not prohibited from talking. The entire town was covered with red and blue and the interest increased more and more each day. Bob had seen Gladys once since his call and then she was with a crowd of girls. He asked them what they were going to do for the winning team and they told him that they were going to do whatever Gladys did, but that she would not do anything unless Stratford won. Bob did not know exactly what to think of that remark but thanked them and assured them that Stratford would win.

With a nice breeze, plenty of sun and lots of enthusiasm the day for the game came and after dinner the park was one mass of blue and red. All of the color and noise that had been scattered around town must have been moved out to the park in the afternoon. The north side of the field was all blue for Miami and the south side was one large mass of red for Stratford. Yells, music and flying banners greeted the spectators as they clamored for seats, and when the crowd parted to allow the teams to come upon the field the two sections were wild with enthusiasm. The teams trotted to their respective sides of the field, pulled on their gloves and began to pass the ball around. Captain Grey and Bob walked off by themselves and began to warm up and Bob wondered whether Gladys was dressed in red or blue. The umpire called the teams to the diamond and the coaches gave them their last instructions. Captain Grey's men took the field. Bob fastened his breast protector, turned his cap around and adjusted his mask, moistened his glove and took his place behind the home plate. Captain Grey threw him two or three fast ones and the first man representing Miami stepped up to the plate. The game was on.

The spectators were standing and the yells were deafening. The leaders of the rooting clubs of each team urged their men to make more noise and Bob thought that he had never heard such a din. He began to realize the importance of his position and was more and more determined to win. The noise became louder and louder as the game progressed and when Miami scored in the sixth inning their section fairly went wild. Barnes was all that could be expected. He was pitching wonderfully well; not a Stratford man had gotten as far as first base and he was still in fine form. Captain Grey and his men wore anxious looks but were not defeated.



The Car Left the Park Amid Cheers and Yells.

The ninth inning came around and Miami had scored a second time but they had had their last opportunity and unless Stratford scored in their half of the inning Miami would be victorious. The Stratford fellows were urging their favorites to greater efforts and the friends of the blue were just as urgent that their favorites should prevent Stratford from scoring. The stands and bleachers shook and the men and boys in trees and on the tops of telegraph poles threw their hats to the ground in the excitement. With two men out Captain Grey sent his first baseman to the plate. Barnes calmly looked him over and then nodded in answer to the signal. The umpire called two balls and a strike and then in the excitement Barnes threw him two more balls, his first pass during the entire game. The umpire motioned for the man to go to first, and Captain Grey walked calmly up to the plate. The red followers yelled for Grey to do something for them. He did. With a well trained eye and a steady hand he hit one past second but only reached first on it while the other man took second. Bob was next up and walked slowly to the plate. He swung wildly at the first ball and the crowd yelled more than ever. He straightened up, wondered if Gladys was yelling for him or against him and then determined to do what he was there to do. The next ball came to him and he swung savagely. There was a crack, and for a second every thing was still. The man on second and Captain Grey were circling the bases. The centerfielder was running with his back to the crowd and was looking back over his shoulder. No, he could not get it, it fell safe. Bob dropped his bat and started to run. Gladys stood perfectly silent. What did it all mean? What had Bob done? The red section was wild and banners, pennants, canes, hats and ribbons were flying in the air. Captain Grey was between third and home and Bob had almost caught up with him. The centerfielder straightened up and shot the ball on a straight line toward the catcher but it was a second too late. Bob and Captain Grey had reached the plate almost at the same time. The game was won.

The crowd surged out upon the field and, with the large red banner in front, the entire Stratford team was carried the whole length of the field upon the shoulders of the red followers. They stopped near the gate and a large auto came puffing up to where the flag stood and a clear girlish voice commanded the boys to put Bob and Captain Grey into the machine. The two were lifted up and the big car left the park amid cheers and yells. Bob, tired and happy, settled back by Gladys' side and realized from her proud and loving glance that he had won a double victory.

R. F. KENNEY.

Aunt Samantha at N. A. H. S.

Came up from Jonesville tother day to visit Thomas Jefferson. Now we wanted to see the sights and Thomas Jefferson promised to take us around but Pa sez 'et no son o' hisen would tote him around so long ez his legs wuz spry. So Josh an' me went to see the High School.

We got there at 8:40 and didn't see a body around till after awhile we heard singin' way up high. I sez to Pa "lets foller." So we did and got to a big room jest filled with gals and boys. A gal was playin' a pianner upon a platform and a man was wigglin' a stick. The tune ware somethin' like that "Swanee River" doins and wuz dretful wild an' sad. My! how them Soprannies did screech! Josh sez the hull thing sounded like a saw drawed crost a wet board. I wuz terrible s'prised to hear sech weak hollerin' considerin' the size o' the multitude. Why, if every boy an' gal had opened his mouth to sing the hull roof would a come off. But land! they certainly had their mouths open tho it must have been the wrong open as there was a terrible buzz goin' on. The worst of it wuz I didn't hear no male voices. Wonder why? There was lots of 'em there strung out clear to the end o' the room. Josh sez that 'er wouldn't a' hurt 'em to have got closter together but p'r'aps they wuz fond of paths secluded an' set apart.

There wuz a man that acted kinder queer; he would run around an' look at the folks mighty close, then jot down somethin' on a little pad. Josh hoped he'd find what he wanted purty soon but it seemed he never did. Ef I had been that man with the stick I'd a' knocked a few of them boys over the heads. He looked terrible discouraged at times; anon and again he pressed his hand to his forwerd but still kept on. Josh sez under his breath, "Good fer you Mister Music-man."

Purty soon a tinkle sounded near at hand and they all rushed out like wild Injuns. Some of 'em jostled against me fearful actin' very much like their mothers had fergot to teach 'em the rules o' ettycut. Howsomever we follered. Pa tuk a peep in a room on the way, but drew back kinder shudderin'. "Don't go in there, Samantha," sez he, but I just would for the teacher looked sweet an' friendly. Lawsy! I tell you I jumped out o' there quick ez butter melts on a red-hot stove! Why, there wuz a great big white skeleton on the wall. Gracious! they oughtn't to hang sech frightful lookin' corpsuses in full view of sech innocent young minds.

At the fur end o' the hall wuz a little white-faced man bendin' over some tubes or other. They looked sorter dangersome leastwise Pa sez we'd better not go down there ez I wuz shaken' so from the fright. As we meandered down the steps I heard a boy an' gal talkin'. "Yes," sez one, "he told us if we had an hour to spare to spend it on our Physics. He made me tired. Catch me spending any extra hours on the stuff," the boy made answer. I reckoned it must a' been one o' the teachers they talked on.

A nice white-haired man, a good religious lookin' chap, wuz standin' by one o' the doors downstairs. "I want to see him," I sez to Josh, and so we did. He wuz jest ez nice an' gentle ez I thot he'd be an' tuk us in his room. But he was Dutch and I let Josh

do all the talkin' which wuzn't much. He was teachin' a class o' nice lookin gals an' boys but land! sech gibberish! They snickered and talked a lot; at first I thot to myself now this is the way they're supposed to act but when a young gal, the perfessor called Miss Shosephene, sez somethin' outloud and snickered too, why then Josh en me knew thet they ware a deportin' themselves wrong. Then I saw Josh's anger rise an' he clincked his fists together ready to fight fer the nice perfessor. I gave him a gentle jog with my foot, howsomever, an' he subsided.

The bell tinkled again and we went outside. At the next door stood a man, big and tall, who had long black locks a hangin' on his forwerd. Josh stood kinder stock still an' stared at him until I give him a punch. The tall man asked Josh ef he wuz a "cummushial man" but Josh nor me knew what he meant. I thot somethin' had to be sed, howsomever, en I sez 'et we did deal in mush at the table but that he had made a sad mistake as Josh hated mush. He looked demute and sorter wild like so I told Josh we'd better move on, which we did.

We met a jolly lookin' man an' I asked him what he taught. On his sayin' "Geometry," I sez, "Me and Josh fer thet room." You see Thomas Jefferson had told us thet Geometry wuz a science of figgers an' lines an' I always had had a weakness fer figgers, especially the ones thet appear in show windows. "Oh," sez he, "if its Geometry you want why just go in here," and before Josh ner me could whistle he had banged the door on us.

We stood in the presence of a lady an' she kindly gave us cheers. Josh sez afterwards he demired her much but land sakes alive! she was terrible strict somewise. The scholards looked somehow worried and sad like, so much so thet I leaned over and patted one gal on the cheek encouragingly. She shook with emotion an' I felt sorrier than ever. She shook so thet at last my honest indignation arose so high thet the gal should have been so sadded that I arose and stalked majestikly out with Josh like an offended queen.

I opened the door of the next room an' there the jolly lookin' perfessor wuz havin' a nice time with the scholards. Everyone of them ware laffin' an' it tickled Josh so thet he said in loud axent "By Gum!" We set down imejiately an' looked on. A boy wuz talkin', all the time pointin' to some square lop-sided drawin' on the board thet looked like a barn we used to have, then agin it looked like a bit o' wood our son once whittled when he wuz six years old. My! but that boy talked sassy, just as if he wuz mad, tho I presume he wuzn't. Josh sez he must have been wound up purty tight he went so fast. Some one said the fellers name wuz. Can't but it couldn't have been true ez he most certainly Could.

Wall, thet bell tinkled agin an' I wuz s'prised to behold how desperate thet perfessor clutched his hair. Must have had a passin' pain. But great lands! he give 'em three pages o' lesson for the next day; wanted to give 'em annuther en they sed they'd take it jest ez meek like, then he saw fer hisself it wuz too much en dropped a page. Poor dears, they had the right sperit but great dark circles stretched out under every scholard's eye. Every single one! They all looked terrible peaked an' thin 'cept one and all because o' them long lessons too. Josh sez he thot the perfessor ud be easy but I jest stopped him right thar. "Joshiway," sez I, sternly, "he is a brick an a good hard one, too." "Then maybe the rest give even longer lessons than him," he sez agin. Wall

when ther thot struck me I stopped still in my tracks almost faintin'. Gracious! they all 'ill be dead an' entombed afore the spring of their young manhood an' womanhood hed blossumed.

But they seemed to have a purty good time alaffin' an' talkin' goin' thru the halls. My! but thar wuz some mighty little gals an' boys goin' thru them halls. They looked, some on 'em, like things jest stepped out o' their cradles an' needed a mother's care more then a stack of school books. They created terrible confusion, howsomever. Then we dropped in on a little feller thet wuz teachin' histry. We didn't stay long tho ez a light-haired feller wit a red face ud look at a girl all the time an' grin foolish like, so much so thet Josh sez he felt like throwin' a spoon at him. The teacher ud say "Esakly" to everything a scholard ud say an' it made Josh mad when he sed "Esakly" to a feller thet gave an opinion contrary to one Josh hed held a long time. En Josh's opinion was the right one, too, mind you. We walked out then an' went inter the next room.

There wuzn't any teacher there an' every boy an' gal hed a book opin in front of him but thet wuz all. They ware laffin' an' talkin' an' havin' a good time, one light- haired gal in purtikler. She had the queerest laff, jest a reglar singin' laff. It ud go "tee hee" jest up an' down the scale like a gal uster go do, ra, me, in our church quire. When they heard us comin' some dark haired gal with a red nose went "shush" jest like a steam enjine, then they all sorter subsided like little chickens when the old hen gits skeered and makes a peculiar noise. Now, I felt jest like settin' down an' givin' them young folks a lecturin' ez to how they should study their lessons an' deport themselves better. Why it wuz jest scandalous!

It wuz a nearin' noon en Josh sez et we'd orter be goin' jest as the bell tinkled agin. "Dinner!" everyone shouted an' then they ran, yes ran, no order about anything. In the office we saw two more people, a nice, sweet faced young woman with big blue eyes an' a big feller, why land sakes alive! he was a seven footer fairly, he wuz so tall. His shoes had a mighty squeaky squeak an' he wuz so stern lookin' that I felt afraid of him. But he talked mighty sweet to the young woman an' so I felt ez if thar wuz some hope fer him. Howsomever they went off together an' we did likewise. Wall, do tell, ef I didn't fergit to tell about one feller. Why, how did thet come about? He wuz the most importantest one in the hull bunch. He hed a big room near the door where we came in at and onct or twict he came out and walked thru the hall stompin' somethin' terrible. Jerusalem and St. Paul! but he made ez much racket ez three men, en he made Josh en me feel like baked Irish pertaters. When he wuz viewin' the rear end o' the hall he came along with a visitor an' opined a door. Then he waved his hand to and fro, real grand like ez if he wuz flaggin' a train, en sed, "This is our laffin' room." I peeked in en seen some on 'em grinnin' purty broad but they wuzn't 'nough grinnin' to call it a laffin' room. I specked thet man owned thet school, leastwise he acted like he did. But dear me! I jest can't help thinkin' about them pore dears with the dark circles under their eyes. I'm jest expectin' every day to get a letter from Thomas Jefferson sayin' one of 'em hed departed this life. Well, well, sithes won't do any good. Such is it with life.

Sense--Non and Common

PROF. BUERK—"For instance when you have a large cabinet sized photograph made smaller to put in a locker-or-a-locket."

PROF. MCLINN—"What would be the difference in effect, if instead of 'The trees tantalized me with pears,' it should say, 'The *apples* dropped from the pear trees.'"

PROF. BUERK—Addressing Senior Class—"Now then children—" Class "!!!!!!"

PROF. WILLIAMS—"Where did Marquette and Joliet touch the Mississippi river?"

LENA—"At the Alleghany river near Pittsburg."

MR. KAHL—"I don't know why this experiment doesn't work. Maybe some of my joints are loose."

PROF. WILLIAMS—"The first Wednesday in March, in this case comes on Wednesday."

MISS POUCHER—"Julia, decline osculum (a kiss)."

JULIA—"Miss Poucher, I never could decline that."

The High School boys are willing to permit members of the faculty to wear shirt waists, too, if that is the reason they prohibit our wearing them.

PROF. WILLIAMS—"Millard, who are prohibited from voting in Indiana?"

KENT—"Criminals, lunatics,-and-and-women."

WILLIAMS—"Yes, you would naturally think of them next."

MR. KAHL—to Senior Class—"If you are not satisfied with the reasons given in the text, you can go to the old chemists, and you know they're dead."

PROF. KAHL—to Physics Class—"Get your results in centimeters. Don't anyone dare to come to class tomorrow with feet."

PROF. BUERK—"Victoria being queen proposed to Prince Albert instead of him to her."

SCOTT—"In that case did he have much to say?"

Prof. Buerk, after a poor recitation—"A chemistry test is no excuse for a poor geometry recitation. If you were to make an excuse like that to Mr. Kahl he would laugh at you, wouldn't he?"

HARVEY—"No, he never laughs."

MISS FUNK—"To what may we compare the greedy larvae of insects?"

STUDENT—"To Freshmen."

Who Is Who, In N. A. H. S.

FRANK RITTER was never known to laugh except as an after echo, and then his rasping "Haw! Haw!" strikes our hearts with dread. He loves to fight, especially freshies, and he loves to crack stale jokes; he loves to have a good time; he loves to have the laugh on a fellow classman and last and best of all he loves the girls and they love him.

ROY SCOTT to a superficial observer resembles Irving's well known description of Ichabod Crane; big feet, broad shoulders, little head. All that and even more. His favorite position is with his feet on the register. He loves to wear trousers that are too short and then roll them up at the bottom, and whenever he chews gum, it is a ten cent chunk. We think of him at his best, thus: "Say, Prof., ain't there another way to get that?"

NELLIE YOUNG, blue eyed, fair and saucy, is liked by everyone. Her nose never turns up at anything, mainly because it could not turn up any more than it does, and then, too, a look of scorn would not sit well on a countenance made to express bewilderment. Nellie is constantly being surprised and the conviction has settled upon us that a half suppressed "Oh" will be the last word she utters in departing this life.

ELSIE MCCULLOCH has, we are sorry to say, her nose constantly turned up at something that does not exactly please her. It is either "Phew!" or "Gee! she makes me tired," or "Oh, shoot! I wouldn't listen to her." She is not exactly a pessimist, but not an optimist by a long way.

"EVA HUNLOW," said an eminent critic (M. E.), "could make a dog laugh." Yes, she is peculiarly addicted to that ringing do-re-me-fa-sol-la-si-do laugh, which draws tears to her eyes and sets her frame aquiver. She has the happy faculty of making the occupants of an assembly room angry one minute and glad the next.

MABEL HARDIN. Was there ever another so slight a body in the whole world? and such a dear one at that? Mabel is "just dandy" even though she does drink too freely for her complexion. But why is it that she always says, "I can't understand that man?"

ALMA ORME (be careful in pronouncing; the e is silent) is a light and perfect blonde in complexion, and an Amazon in strength of body. Her conversation is in a thin rasping tone of voice, but carries conviction to everyone, especially to ———. When she laughs, she laughs. Why, she fairly chokes. The blood leaps to her face in a great red flood, and then Alma hides her face.

LLOY CLARK is the smallest member of the class, and the fastest and loudest talker. She wrinkles and dimples and smiles upon all alike—except probably Skimp, for whom the brightest and sweetest smile is always reserved. She can cast her eyes upward when addressed, and look perfectly angelic. Everyone smiles at her southern accent. When called upon by Prof. Buerk, her answer is "wha-a-a-a-t?"

CLIPPINGS FROM A HIGH SCHOOL BOY'S DIARY.

NOVEMBER 1st 1905.

There is a boy in our school named Lance ———. He is a good boy and comes to High School that he may become wise. I think he needs very much to become wise. Lance is very loyal to the High School, and when the boys lost the first foot ball game he wanted to encourage them (to lose another). So when the next game was announced on the board, he wrote, "Oh! what's the use." Then when Prof. Elfers made fun of him in Chapel this morning, he got very, very red and felt embarrassed. I am sorry for Lance because———

JANUARY 5th, 1906.

Dan Walsh is a quiet little boy, fond of study and sweet things, especially girls. Yesterday evening, after school was out, he planted himself on the corner and eagerly watched the girls go past. At last Elizabeth M——— appeared and Dan hastened toward her with that entrancing, childish smile playing around his mouth and a light in his eyes. Had he been older and more experienced he would have turned and fled, for with her came three other girls, each carrying an armful of books. But he is only a Freshman.

"May I carry your books?" and he gladly tucked them under his arm. Then he hesitated. Chivalry demanded that he should take their books too, and indeed "the spirit was willing but the flesh was weak." There was no hesitation on the part of the girls. Before he could think they had piled the books in his arms and resumed conversation, while he, poor fellow, still smiling, staggered down the street, bumping into telephone posts as he went. I have noticed that he does not wait for Elizabeth now.

MARCH 15th, 1906.

About a week ago the Freshmen beat the Senior team in basket ball. I was glad to see the Seniors beaten because they think they own the school and treat everyone else as their inferiors, but I will declare! I prefer them a thousand times to the Freshmen. Why, for a week now they have overrun everybody and everything, have lost all respect for their superiors, have flaunted the score in the faces of the Seniors who try to take very little notice, and have become obnoxious and utterly unbearable to everyone.

Last night the Sophomores beat them by a big score, and you should have seen them dragging their feathers today. I have had a lots of fun watching them. They sneak around through the halls, and mope in dark corners, and refuse to be comforted. Well, someone (I believe it was Shakespeare) has said, "Pride goeth before destruction and a haughty spirit before a fall."

APRIL 27th, 1906.

This afternoon was awfully hot, but I wore my coat to school because my shirt was dirty. About the time the bell rang the boy in front of me, who had discarded his coat, was informed that he must put it on or go home. He finally did put it on but with very poor grace and some slang (?) words under his breath. I am not objecting in the least to the teacher's jurisdiction in the matter. He, of course, had a perfect right, just as he has to say whether we shall part our hair in the middle or on the side, or wear low or high shoes. But the odd part of the whole thing is this: The boy had on a nice clean shirt waist, covering him to the wrists, and a collar almost up to his ears. But the girl right in front of him wore a waist of about the density of mosquito netting, made with a negative amount of collar and with sleeves above her elbows. Under this pretense of a garment ribbons were conspiciously arranged—probably to attract attention. Perhaps her shoulders are prettier than ours, but at least she passes unnoticed—or rather undisturbed—while we poor devils may look at her and sweat, and sweat, and sweat.

WE WONDER

Why Hartman breaks his neck to get out on the corner and watch the girls go past.

Why Johnson sneezes at exactly the same time by the clock, every day.

Why Willie Day, after speaking to Nellie Willett, in the hall, comes into the room with that distracted thoughtful stare.

Why Scott doesn't wear either suspenders or belt.

Why Miss Poucher says less about deportment and has less trouble than anyone else.

Why a boy may not come to school without his coat.

HAVE YOU HEARD THIS?

"Now ever-ry one that is talking shall be mar-rked down."

"Fr-rank, be careful, it will be unpleasant to lose mar-rk after mar-rk."

"For-rty minutes of study is quite valuable to anyone."

"Do not make a r-racket, there is no philosophy in that."

We have engaged Dr. Metcalf to operate upon anyone whose life is in danger, from laughing at our jokes.

FRESHMAN—"What is a periphrasis?"

SENIOR—"It is simply a circumlocutory and plenastic cycle of oratorical sonorosity circumscribing an atom of ideality lost in verbal profundity."

FRESHMAN—"Thank you, sir."

Mary Louise Warren

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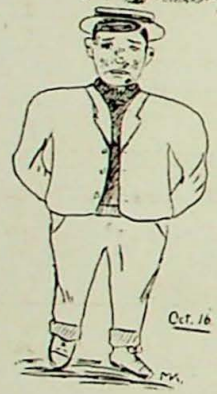

. . . Calendar . . .

1905

SEPT. 11—School opens. High School building overrun by hordes of saucy freshies.
SEPT. 12—Charles Buckley comes back as a Sophomore.
SEPT. 13—Buckley plays tin soldier in Prof. Kahl's room.
SEPT. 15—Prof. Kahl instructs Prof. Buerk to watch the clock.
SEPT. 19—Ritter damages new H. S. building by falling down east stairs.
SEPT. 21—First Senior class meeting. Editor and Manager elected for Vista.
SEPT. 22—"Skimp" has a fight with a fly.
SEPT. 25—Prof. Buerk gets a hair cut. Prof. Elfers arrives.
SEPT. 26—The girls have found that Prof. Elfers is single.
SEPT. 27—Mary King tears out a ring in the Gym. and bumps her head.
SEPT. 28—Several Freshman begin to cut teeth.
SEPT. 29—Schedule of recitations changed. The new arrangement is a great improvement (for the teachers), and is welcomed by everyone (of the teachers).
OCT. 4—First football game, N. A. H. S., 20; Jeff. H. S., 0.
OCT. 5—Prof. Elfers and Miss Poucher walked to school together. That is the long and short of it.
OCT. 6—Janitors get new uniforms.
OCT. 7—Football, N. A. H. S., 6; Louisville Training School, 5. Played in Louisville.
OCT. 11—Reception to the new teachers.
OCT. 12—Prof. McLinn wears new suit to school.
OCT 13—Bill Strickland and Buckley try to start a rough house.
OCT. 14—Lena tries the running high jump.
OCT. 16—Dan comes to school with his face peeled.
OCT. 17—Annual Senior scrap over class pins.
OCT. 18—Chas. Buckley has the mumps.

Eng. by Bush-Krebs Co.

Drawn from Life by Chas. Hoffer

Who are sweeter than the sweetest?
Who are cuter than the cutest?
Who are truer than the truest?
Who would set your heart awhirl?
Who to you are held the dearest?
Who can to your love come nearest?
Who can make you feel the queerest?
Who other than our High School girls?

R. F. K.

Why not all become so by eating

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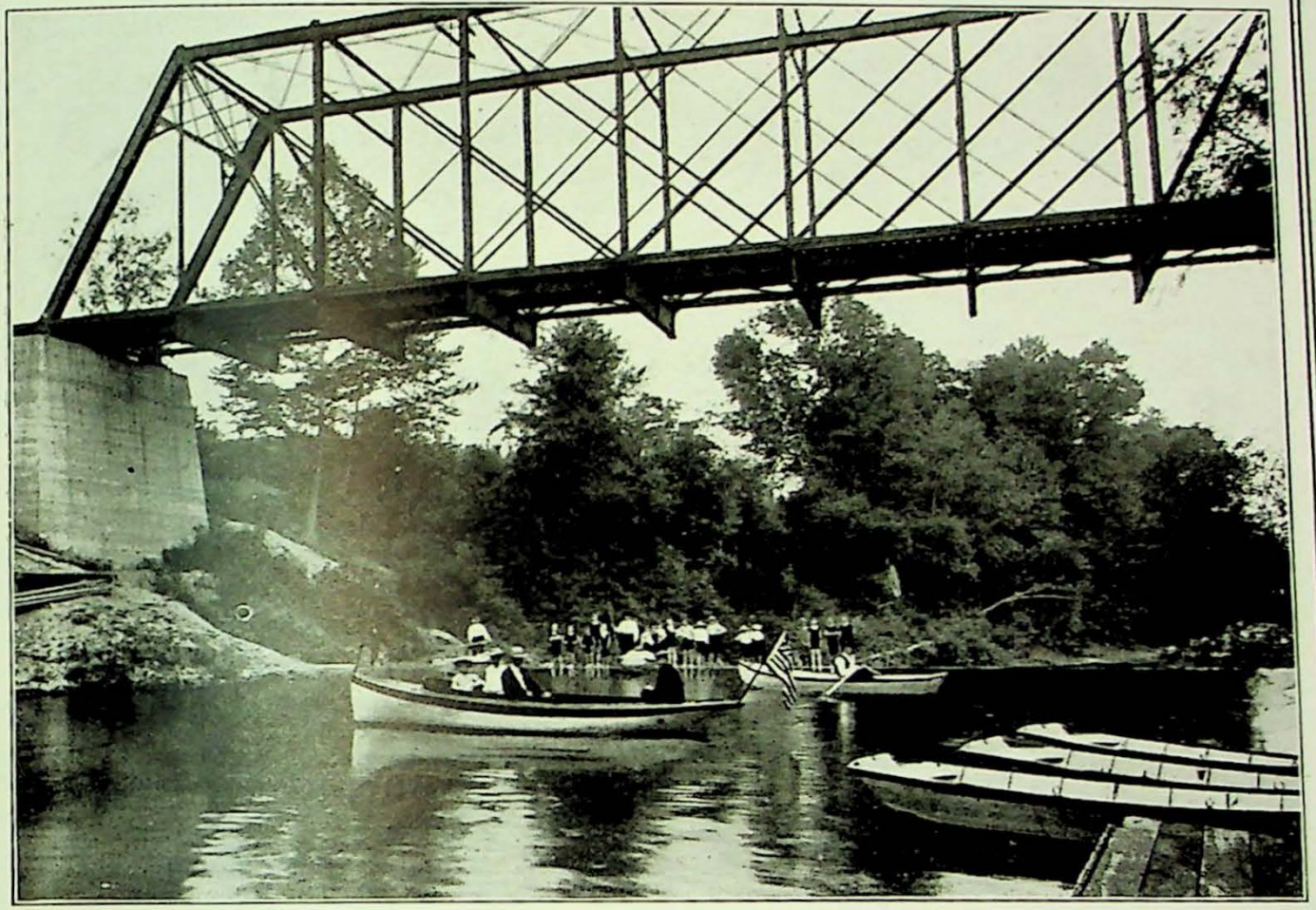
Oct. 19—Kent wears one red and one black sock, (red one very faded).
Oct. 21—Football, N. A. H. S. vs. Blue Ridge, 12 to 6; the wrong way.
Oct. 23—Morgan's great slaughter sale. Fred. Kurfess gets long trousers.
Oct. 24—"Now, everyone that is talking shall be marked down."
Oct. 26—Marshall Lemon has long pants; Morgan's sale still in progress.
Oct. 27—Greene supposed to have changed his socks (not certain).
Oct. 28—Football at Salem. Salem H. S., 88, N. A. H. S., 0.
Oct. 30—Mosier flirts with a girl.
Nov. 1—Practice game with Tharpe, 17-0, wrong way.
Nov. 2—Mosier answers in less than two minutes when called on in history.
Nov. 3—Buckley takes a nap in school.
Nov. 6—Arthur Schmitt washes his face.
Nov. 7—Scottie has an explosion in Chem. and spoils his coat and hand with HNO_3.
Nov. 8—Louise Wielbrenner laughs in class.
Nov. 10—Mosmiller informs Appleman that he has no sense. (He was slow in finding it out.)
Nov. 11—Football at Corydon, N. A. H. S., 5, Corydon H. S., 5.
Nov. 13—Mitch wears a chrysanthemum.
Nov. 17—Prof. calls Wm. Buckley a "grinning baboon."
Nov. 18—Football, N. A. H. S., 6, Second Manual, 0.
Nov. 20—Miss Lottie wears bloomers at last. Tighe comes from I. U. to coach the football team.
Nov. 22—Buckley dives downstairs head first.
Nov. 24—More than five boys sing in the chapel exercises.
Nov. 25—Football, N. A. H. S. 0, Corydon H. S. 2.
Dec. 4—Spaulding wears a derby to school.
Dec. 5—Elfers reduces Kittie Hannon's deportment for bemeaning the football team.
Dec. 6—Johnson sits in school and sticks his finger in his eye.
Dec. 7—Fawcett, Scott and Lloy fail to wrangle over geometry.
Dec. 11—Fleming elected football captain for next year. Thomas, manager.
Dec. 12—Prof. Kahl displays a spirit of levity in Chemistry class.
Dec. 13—Basket Ball squad adopt a unanimous resolution to saw off the pillars in the Gym., seven feet above the floor.



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MANAGER

NEW ALBANY, IND.

DEC. 15—Mitch elected captain of the basket ball team.
DEC. 21—Elfers and Willie Cannon have a scrap.
DEC. 22—Elfers apologizes for losing his temper.
DEC. 23—Christmas holidays.

1906

JAN. 2—We return to school and to study (?)
JAN. 3—New resolutions (not to study during 1906) begin to be carried out.
JAN. 5—Agora Literary Society organized.
JAN. 6—Garrison has a hair cut (the price of hair mattresses goes down).
JAN. 11—Prof. Kahl has a dirty face in school.
JAN. 16—Mitch resigns and Garrison is elected basket ball captain.
JAN. 18—The other Buckley has the mumps.
JAN. 19—Ruth Rough sings a solo before the Agora.
JAN. 22—Roney's boys concert given for benefit of *The Vista*. More than twenty persons present.
JAN. 23—Prof. Buerk falls over a desk in Senior geometry class and bumps his head on the floor. Nobody laughs ! ! !
JAN. 25—"Monk" gets a hair cut.
JAN. 29—Dish comes back to take a Post course.
JAN. 30—Five boys expelled today.
FEB. 5—Prof. Kahl advises Scott to get some clothes that will cover him.
FEB. 6—Three boys bump their heads against the pillars in the Gym.
FEB. 7—Ethel McCulloch eats some frozen Hydrogen Sulphide and gets sick.
FEB. 15—Byrne Hartley wears short trousers to school.
FEB. 20—Hydrogen generator explodes in Chem. Everybody scared to death. Mr. Kahl's face cut with glass.
FEB. 21—Jake Buerk and Hartley have a mix up.
FEB. 22—Birthington's Washday. School dismissed after chapel exercises.
FEB. 27-28—Visitors made life miserable for teachers and pupils.
MAR. 1—Somebody "chaws" on Mitch's clothes.
MAR. 2—Marguerite Seabrooke cuts her elbow while playing basket ball.
MAR. 5—Marguerite looks like a heroine.
MAR. 6—Seniors wrangle over caps and gowns. They decide to wear them for Commencement.

New Albany High School at Indiana University.

Twenty students are in attendance at Indiana University from the New Albany High School, and the record that they are making there reflects credit upon their early schooling. Below is a list according to their class standing in the University:

FRESHMAN—Donn Atkins, Louis Hartman, Irma Korb, Avis Nicholson, Benjamin Rees, Harry Ritter, John Smith, Jesse Williamson. SOPHOMORE—Mary DeVol, Cook Greene, Gordon Merrill, Carl Zinsmeister. JUNIOR—Grace Baerd, William Coolman, Charles Tighe, Arthur Williamson. SENIOR—Walter Levi and Hettie Neat. SPECIAL STUDENT—Nan Ashton Neat.

Miss Nan Neat, who is a special student, is taking work in English and Fine Arts, and is a member of the Sketchers' Club. Miss Hettie Neat is a member of the Goethe Gesellshaft, an organization whose membership is limited to those who show proficiency in the study of German. Walter Levi, who is majoring in English, is a member of the dramatic society, "Strut and Fret," "The Mermaid," and is a member of the editorial staff of the Arbutus, the university annual, which is published by the senior class.

Those of the Junior class have done well. Miss Grace Baerd is taking the regular literary course. William Coolman is a Junior of the Law School, is a member of the Sophomore track team, and belongs to the University Glee Club. Charles Tighe is also a Junior in the Law School, and was a member of the University Football team, the only team that scored against Chicago this past season, and it is an interesting fact to know that Mr. Tighe was the player that carried the ball across Chicago's goal line. Butler Williamson is an assistant in the department of Botany, in which department he is majoring.

Miss Mary DeVol left the University at the Christmas holidays and is attending a college in Texas where her mother has gone for the winter. Cook Greene is making a fine record both in Geology and Zoology. Carl Zinsmeister was a member of the Sophomore Track team, and won several points for his class in the Freshman-Sophomore contest. This year was the first time in the history of the University that the Sophomore class won.

Several New Albany people who are members of the Freshman class have done things worthy of note. Jesse Williamson was captain of the Freshman Track team and won several points for his side against the Sophomores. He is also a member of the Varsity Track team. Benjamin Rees was yell leader for the Freshman class, and Donn Atkins was one of the lieutenants of his class in the Freshman-Sophomore scrap, which took place on Washington's Birthday. Harry Ritter is a member of the Glee Club. All of the members of the class are doing well.

The University of Indiana offers courses in twenty-five different lines of work. A student may specialize in English Literature, Chemistry, Botany, Physics, German, French, History, Fine Arts, Philosophy, or in any of the many other departments. Many young people who intend to prepare themselves for teaching come to the University, and no one who takes the work and who shows any proficiency need wait for a position; in fact, there are more positions open than can be filled by the graduates.

Many young men are coming to Indiana University for the splendid opportunities in the Pre-medical department. After a person completes this course, he is able to enter the junior class of any of the large medical colleges, and so complete his medical education in two years. A number of the graduates of this department have gone to Rush Medical, of Chicago, and hardly one has failed to win a place as interne in one of the hospitals. Others are coming to Indiana to enter the Law School, and they are able to complete the work in three years and receive the degree of LL. B.

Indiana University is a State institution and no tuition is charged, and the expenses at Bloomington are reasonable. In fact few of the students at the University have money to spend in an extravagant way, and all are on the same plane. Those who have come to Indiana find that the work here is profitable, and that a spirit of good-will predominates the life of the institution. It is as it should be, for a person should look back on his school days as the happiest of his life.

MAR. 7—Class basket ball games. Seniors 10, Freshman 14; Juniors 2, Sophomores 15.
MAR. 8—Freshies and Sophs hilarious. Isaac Brown lectures to the school on birds.
MAR. 13—Freshmen elect class officers.
MAR. 14—Seniors 15, Juniors 13; Sophs 26, Freshies 13.
MAR. 15—Freshies' chins drag on the floor.
MAR. 16—Gail Doolittle comes back to graduate with the '06 Class.
MAR. 21—Seniors 14, Sophs 11; Juniors 23, Freshies 20.
APRIL 2—Mr. Prosser wears a carbuncle.
APRIL 3—Mumps! Mumps!! Mumps!!! Mumps!!!!
APRIL 6—First number of THE BLOTTER comes out. Girl's Basket Ball. N. A. H. S. 15, Young Women's Hebrew Association 8.
APRIL 9—Lena Joseph breaks her seat down in school.
APRIL 10—The Agora goes "to meet Mr. Thompson."
APRIL 12—Prof. Buerk has a private interview with the Sacred Brotherhood of Wad Throwers. Total loss of deportment 150.
APRIL 13—Prof. McLinn combs his hair at noon.
APRIL 16—Everybody has the Spring fever.
APRIL 18—Repairs begun on the boats.
APRIL 19—Eva Hunlow fails to giggle the scale at one of her own jokes (?)
APRIL 20—Basket Ball pictures taken for *The Vista*.
APRIL 23—Class pictures.
APRIL 26—Kent suspended for taking off his coat in school.
APRIL 27—"Merchant of Venice" played by Sophomore class, with great success.
APRIL 28—*The Vista* goes to press.

MAY 27—Baccalaureate sermon at Trinity M. E. Church.
JUNE 1, 1906—Commencement day, class of '06 graduates.

Frank R. Hardy

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What difference does it make?
He never bought any

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SOME CURRENT SAYINGS

Prof. Kahl asks a question of the class and Spaulding answers out loud.

MR. KAHL—"Who is asking you?"

SPAULDING—"Nobody."

One night the Seniors to a council meeting went,
During which occurred an amusing event,
For up from the table at which he sat
Jumped Mr. Strack, and cried,
"Who written that."

Scott, questioning witness in the Senior trial—"How far was you dragged by the car, Mr. Moser, before you lost your conscience?" "At what time, Mr. Moser, did your conscience return?"

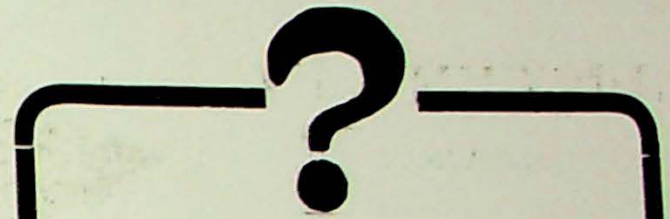
DAN. WALSH—"Professor, I always know the right meanings for these, but when I give them they are not right."

Cyrus Dash was heard to remark early this year, that the Weather was always pleasant and nice to him.

MR. MCLINN—"Now make that so clear that a child may understand it."

EVA H.—"Which part do you not understand, Professor?"

JULIA A.—"Mr. Cold, it is so kahl in here."



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SOME CURRENT SAYINGS

Skimp runs against Garrison who has his customary growth of beard.

SKIMP—"Hello, Kiel, who are you hiding from?"

GARRISON—"Nobody; why?"

"I was wondering when you would come out from behind that bush."

PROF. BUERK—"You see, class, all straight lines from the apex of the cone to its base, are elephants."

PROF. WILLIAMS—"Could Queen Elizabeth ever have been the man in her reign that Bismark was in a later day?"

BEULAH MCCULLOCH—"Did they have to put their arms in red-hot water?"

GRACE HARTMAN—"There were about 20,000 Englishmen and 60,000 Freshmen in the battle."

MARY KING—"Queen Isabelle was a son, Oh! no, a brother of Charles IV."

SMALL FRESHIE—"An axiom is a truth so oblivious that it does not have to be proved."

Appleman says a picture of himself resembles Hendricks. The latter has our sympathies.

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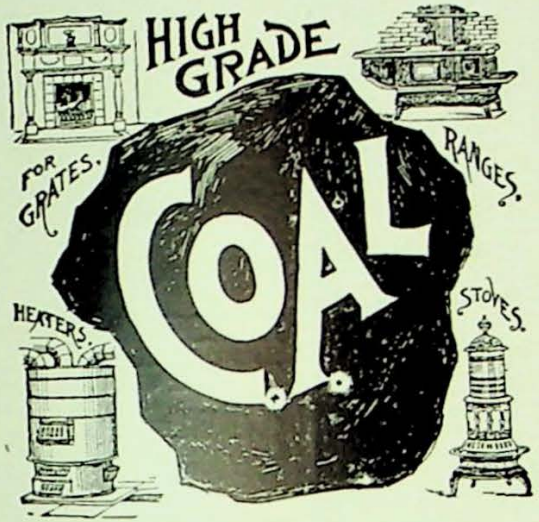

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Gold Medal at Fotographic Exhibition, Buffalo, N. Y., 1891.
Diploma, Louisville Exposition.
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First Prize, Indianapolis, 1896-97.
First Prize, Indianapolis, 1900.
First Prize, Winona, 1904.

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SOME MORE QUOTATIONS

PROF. WILLIAMS—"Do not saw the air with your hands too much, thus."

PROF. MCLINN—"Long and lanky, tall and slim, but worlds of knowledge stored within."

JIM RIDLEY—"What think you, sirs, of killing time?"

CHAS. BUCKLEY—"In stature he was passing tall, and sparely formed and lean."

FRANK BUCK, J. BUERK, CARL THORNE, HERMAN ROCKENBACH, ETC.—"A red head will be a red head till he dyes."

SENIOR CLASS—"Thence we sailed on, sick at heart, having lost our dear companions, but glad to have escaped death."

ELBERT EMERY—"And rather spry was he withal, his stature was so very small."

KIEL GARRISON—"I would derive the name *editor* not so much from *edo*, to publish, as from *edo*, to eat, that being the peculiar profession to which he esteems himself called."

ROBT. PENNINGTON—"Whilest that the childe is young let him be instructed in vertue and lytterature."

DAN WALSH—"Those that understood him smiled at one another and shook their heads."

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SOME MORE QUOTATIONS

CARLTON NEAT—"Whose chin is but enriched with one appearing hair."

OLIVER HARTMAN—"I am very fond of the company of ladies."

CLARA CORBETT—"I should think your tongue had broken its chain."

WILL CANNON—"This animal is very malicious; when attacked it defends itself."

The Vista Editor may scratch on his pen
Till the ends of his fingers are sore,
But someone is sure to remark with a jest
"Rats!" "How stale!" "I've heard that before."
—Ex.

PROFESSOR—"How many voyages did Columbus make?"
PUPIL—"Three."
PROFESSOR—After which one of these did he die?"

How would you like to see:
Lena try the high jump?
Prof. Kahl crack a joke?
Garrison with a shave?
Prof. Buerk dance?
Moser hurry up?

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A LAY OF ANCIENT ROME

Oh! the Roman was a rogue,
  He erat, was, you bettum;
He ran his automobilis
  And smoked his cigarettum;
He wore a diamond studibus,
  An elegant cravattum,
A maxima cum laude shirt,
  And such a stylish hattum.

He loved the luscious hic-haec-hoc,
  And bet on games and equi;
At times he won; at others, tho,
  He got it in the nequi;
He winked (quo usque tandem?)
  At puellas on the Forum,
And sometimes even made
  Those goo-goo oculorum!

He frequently was seen
  At combats gladiatorial,
And ate enough to feed
  Ten boarders at memorial;
He often went on sprees,
  And said on starting homus,
"Hic labor—opus est,
  Oh, where's my hic-hic-domus?"

Altho he lived in Rome—
  Of all the arts the middle—
He was (excuse the phrase)
  A horrid individ'l;
Oh! what a different thing
  Was the homo (dative, homini)
Of far away B. C.
  From us of Anno Domine.

—HARVARD LAMPOON.

Dr. F. E. Day

Successor to
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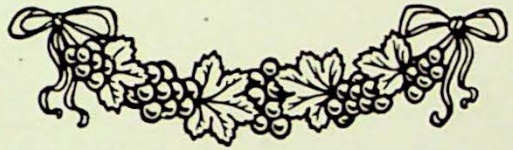

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EDITORIALS

The time has come for the Class of '06 to step out and make room for other aspirants toward knowledge, and we, the editors, are glad to be able at this time to present this souvenir of High School life. *The Vista* of '06 is the second volume of that name and the fourth annual published by our school. Previous to this, annuals have been published by the classes of 1901, 1904 and 1905.

In editing this book we wish to acknowledge the kind assistance of a few of those without whose aid *The Vista* would not have been what it is. We wish to thank the faculty for their interest and assistance. The articles which appear were written by Martha Hieb and Roy Kenney, of the Class of '06 and by Margaret McCracken, of the Class of '07, and by the editors. The drawings and designs are by Mary King, Chas. Hoffer and Kiel Garrison. All the athletic photographs and pictures of laboratories were taken by Sherrill Tompkins, of the Class of '09. And lastly we wish to acknowledge our appreciation of the financial aid of the merchants of the city, who bear a large part of the expenses of this book and without whose assistance it could not have been published. We think it only fair that we should patronize those who have thus helped us, and we hope that the students of the school will have enough school spirit to do this.

We have tried to "knock" impartially but have intended no malice toward anyone, and we hope that as we laugh you will laugh with us.

THE EDITORS.

EDW. W. FITZ GERALD

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